THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

$3.00

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1 WINTER 1984

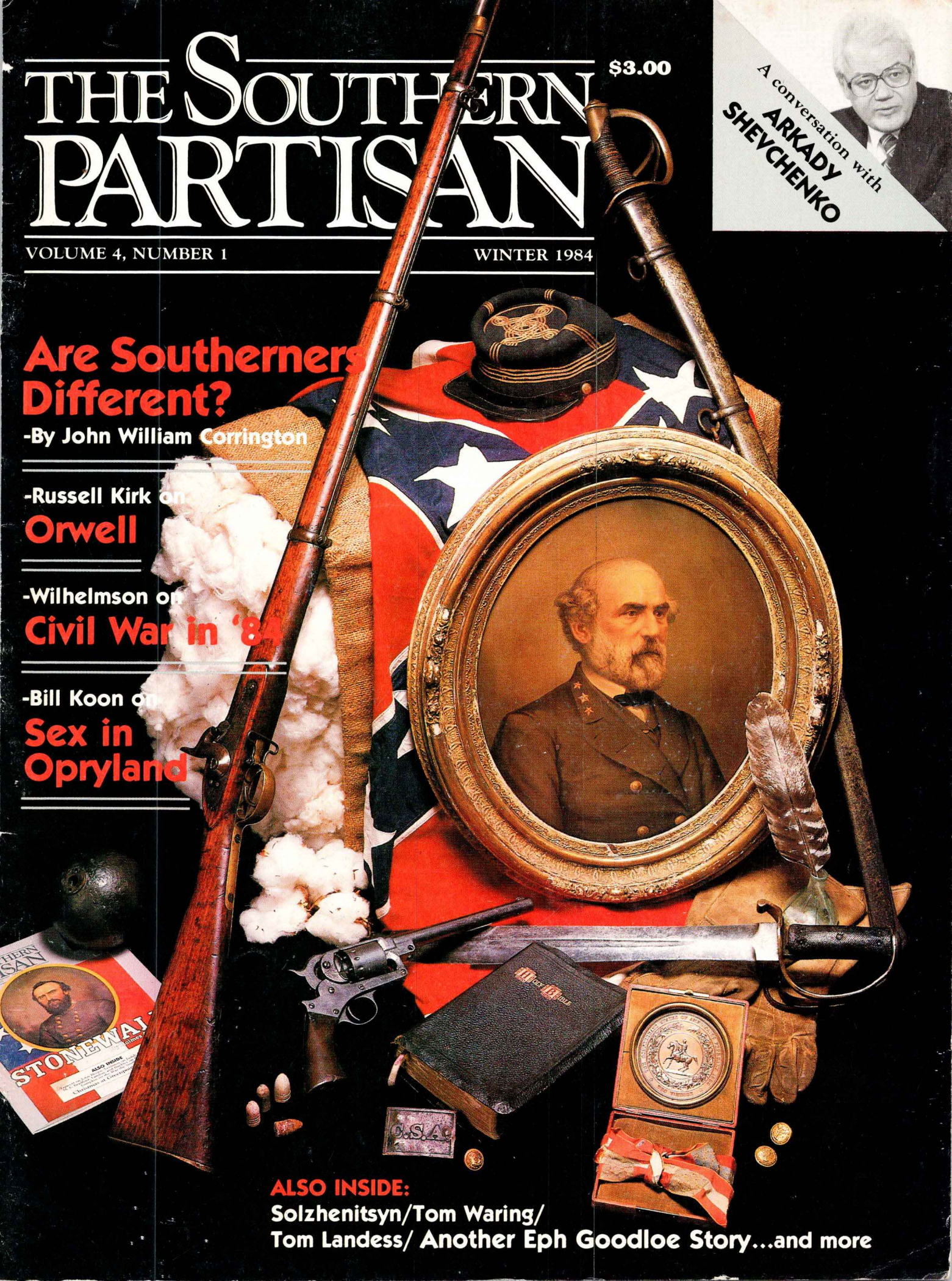
A conversation with ARKADY SHEVCHENKO

Are Southerners Different?
-By John William Corrington

-Russell Kirk on
Orwell

-Wilhelmson on
Civil War in '84

-Bill Koon on
Sex in Opryland



ALSO INSIDE:
Solzhenitsyn/Tom Waring/
Tom Landess/ Another Eph Goodloe Story...and more

John Leone **Flying Artillery** **Oil, 30''x 40''**

''Flying Artillery''

They called it, romantically, flying artillery. And, at times, it seemed to do just that: hooves churning the clay into pulp, wheels bounding over rocks, horses straining frantically against their harness to draw their deadly cargo into position. In a moment they will wheel by section, and the battery will go into action and be firing in less than a minute.

There was a certain bravado about the artillery. In the days when abandoning a gun was a disgrace—akin to having the colors captured—the artillerist clung with a sort of grim pride to his work; while men and horses went down around him, he served the piece.

Having stowed personal weapons in the chests, his gun was his only protection, and his efficiency in getting it into position to open fire was essential to saving lives, and often meant the difference between victory and defeat. Any hard-fought Confederate Infantryman would have sighed in relief to look over his shoulder and see his artillery coming into action as we see it here.

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THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1 WINTER 1984

FEATURES

Are Southerners Different?

Yes, of course we are. In fact, we may be more different than even we realize. Southerners, for example, are conservative; Reagan carried the South in 1980 and is expected to carry it again. But are the issues we really care about in the South being addressed by the national conservatives? Bill Corrington says not really, beginning on page 16

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Rates/Manuscripts/Correspondence: The annual subscription rates is $12.00 with a single issue price of $3.00. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate).

Please address all correspondence, including letters to the editor, to *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts but cannot guarantee their return unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The Southern Partisan (ISSN 0739-1714): is published quarterly for $12.00 per year by *The Southern Partisan* Corporation, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211. Second-class postage paid at Shepherdsville, Kentucky. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbia, South Carolina. Copyright 1984 by *The Southern Partisan* Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors or publisher. The *Southern Partisan Quarterly Review* was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, S.C. who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by the Foundation for American Education. Publication was resumed under the shorter title in the summer of 1981.

***Postmaster: Send address changes to* The Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211.**

Advertising inquiries: Contact Pat Vierling at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211 (803-254-3660).

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN MAGAZINE

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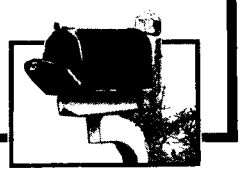
Partisan Letters



More On The Presbyterians

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed the article by Rod Gragg on the merger of the two large Presbyterian denominations in the Winter '83 *Partisan*. I think it was the best short piece I have read on the subject. Is it possible you could give us a follow-up article of some kind? I'd like to know what Rod Gragg thinks of the Presbyterian situation now.

I took myself and my family out of the United Presbyterian Church (now PCUSA) last summer, after becoming convinced that the denomination had ceased to be Presbyterian.

Sincerely,
David Prichard
Corvallis, Oregon

Mr. Gragg replies:

As a former member of two PCUS congregations and a former administrator at a PCUS institution, I saw the race to liberalism early and joined the Bible-based Presbyterian Church in America (PCA) long before the union.

I cannot wear the name of the new PCUS, nor the names of most mainline denominations today, because of what the names have come to represent.

Not many Christians would consider joining a secular club which endorsed homosexual "rights," actively supported murder by abortion, promoted radical feminism, pumped money into Marxist revolutionaries via affiliated organizations and denied basic Biblical doctrines like the Virgin conception and the deity of Christ.

Why then, should Christians join an identical organization simply because it calls itself a church?

Many small American denominations continue to hold to the doctrinal truths which have characterized orthodox Christianity for 2,000 years. Thousands of believers are leaving the mainline denominations to join smaller Bible-believing churches. Today, more than ever, American believers must judge their denominations according to God's Word.

Lee Day Proposal

Gentlemen:

How can it be that Richard Quinn can devote a whole page to the Martin Luther King holiday and not even mention King's communist connections? As far as I am concerned, we might as well eliminate "Presidents' Day" and celebrate Lenin's birthday instead ...

Although H.R. 3706 is now law, the first such holiday won't be celebrated until 1986. Supposedly, this gives us enough time to undo the damage and get this law rescinded. I don't believe this will happen.

Instead, I suggest that legislatures in Southern states pass a resolution allowing the third Monday in January to become a day honoring the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was born on the third Monday in January 1807 ...

J.A. Privette
Denver, Colorado

The Magic Word

Gentlemen:

About two weeks ago I received my first copy of the *Southern Partisan*. Thank you. I find it difficult to express my thoughts. It just is the most wonderful magazine I have ever read. It gives substance to my feelings, which I have had all my life—an absolute love and admiration for all that the South stands for, the aristocracy of America, a part of the world where gracious living, the art of conversation, an honesty of thought and deed still lives in its peoples.

I greatly enjoyed Robert McHugh's article on Jefferson Davis, a very great man whom I have always admired.

Although I live across the seas, and am no longer young, I love with all my heart and soul, that magic word "Dixie."

Thank you again for a wonderful magazine.

Yours very sincerely,
R. Woolrough
London, England

COVER NOTE: *Our cover photograph is by South Carolina photographer Bill Barley. We are grateful to John Martin of the Confederate Relic Room for allowing us to use the portrait of General Lee (which is a companion to the Stonewall Jackson portrait on our last cover). We also have Mr. Martin to thank for the Confederate Seal (a duplicate of the Wyon original), the gauntlets (which belonged to CSA Col. Elbert Bland, killed at Chickamauga), the Starr 44 revolver and the "Kepi" officer's cap. All the other pieces on the cover came from the private collection of W.C. Smith of Lexington, South Carolina, to whom we give our special thanks. Those items include an 1863 Enfield musket, Palmetto Sabre, Naval Cutlass (Courtney and Tennent: Charleston, South Carolina), a CSA belt buckle, buttons from South Carolina and the Palmetto Guard, Confederate bullets and a 12 lb. Confederate cannonball. The Bible is of recent vintage. You may also recognize the fine magazine on the left. And the white material is, of course, cotton.*

The Jewish Title

Gentlemen:

I was overwhelmed with joy to see the article about Judah P. Benjamin in the Fall '83 issue of *The Southern Partisan*. Just recently on my local cable television program "Arlington Weekly News" I did a segment on the Jews of the Confederacy. As an evangelical Christian, I've had a life-long love for the Jewish people...

I must protest Boyd Cathey's review of Alfred M. Lilienthal's book *The Zionist Connection II*. Lilienthal, himself a Jew, is vigorously anti-Zionist. With rare exceptions, have I met Gentiles who initially are anti-Zionist but do not eventually descend into Anti-Semitism against Jews in general. At most gatherings of the American Nazi Party, the KKK (not to be confused with Nathan Bedford Forrest's original group) or J.D. Stoner's slimy National States Rights Party, there is only *one* Jewish publication that they will publicly display—those of Alfred M. Lilienthal's (because it suits their foul purposes). To Lilienthal's question about whose legal and moral claim to Palestine is stronger, the Israeli Zionist or the Arab Palestinians? I answer that the Israelis hold title to the land, and they have a Divine deed to it, which written long ago, supersedes all others...

David A. Williams
Arlington, Virginia

Mr. Cathey replies:

Mr. Williams, like most of those who wish to stifle debate on this issue, resorts to insinuations of anti-Semitism and appeals to his own private interpretation of Scripture rather than present serious arguments.

The fact that some of Dr. Lilienthal's writings may have been used by anti-Semites in no way affects their truthfulness or lack thereof. The Holy Bible, a book I presume Mr. Williams reveres, is also present and quoted at Klan rallies. That doesn't make it any less sacred or truthful to millions of Christians. If he wishes to contest Dr. Lilienthal's assertions, let Mr. Williams do so without resorting to innuendo.

Some "evangelical" Christians hold that Divine promises given by God to the Hebrews in the Old Testament, and fulfilled with the coming of Our Lord in the New, continue unmodified today. Other Christians hold an opposing view, that the "Divine deed" to Palestine ended with the cries of "Crucify Him" on Good Friday. Since that time, to quote St. Augustine, "the Christian people is actually both Jacob and Israel: Jacob by reality, Israel through hope. In effect, the youngest has supplanted his older brother...the Church has become the true Israel."

That the Jews have been and are an illustrious people, deserving of respect, no one should deny; that they have an unquestioned right to dispossess by violence inhabitants who have lived in Palestine for 1300 years, no one should accept. At least let us grant that it is a matter which should remain open to debate.

Impaired Vision

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed the article "Jefferson Davis" by Robert McHugh which appeared in the Summer 1983 issue. The caption to the photograph on page 10 states, "...hope and apprehension can be sensed in the eyes of Jefferson Davis..." Davis' eyes at that time (1853) may reflect more than these subjective feelings.

In 1851, some two years prior to the above referred-to photograph, Davis manifested the first evidence of an eye disorder which was to cause him trouble for the remainder of his life. In the summer of 1851, he suffered the first of several painful attacks of an infection which lead to ulceration of the left cornea, the transparent membrane forming the anterior, outer coat of the eyeball.

Corneal ulceration may be due to a variety of different causes but one of the most common is keratitis (inflammation of the cornea) following infection with herpes simplex virus. There is substantial evidence that this was the cause of Jefferson Davis' eye problem ...Recurrent attacks eventually led to serious impairment of vision in his left eye.

Harris D. Riley Jr., M.D.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

To Be Or Not To Be

Gentlemen:

Harry Poe's comments on Modernism versus Traditionalism...are, to say the least, strange...I was raised to call my midday meal lunch and my evening meal dinner. Supper was something one ate late at night after the theater...

Granted IZOD shirts are an abomination...still 100 percent cotton? Rayon-cotton blends look fine and save time—time which can be spent pondering the works of Joel C. Harris...

Although I must admit it would be nice to sit on the front porch or in the shade of a big tree and read *The Southern Partisan*, the problem is you have to have either a front porch or a big tree and I guess if you don't, you're not allowed to be a Traditionalist.

John A. Kelleher
Hoboken, New Jersey

"The" Restoration

Gentlemen:

I was shocked to see that Harry Poe says Traditionalists haven't liked many movies since "*Birth of a Nation.*" Actually, he should have said true Trads haven't liked much since "*The Clansman,*" the film's original title during the LA run.

But if Poe is going to be seduced by Modernity and refer to D.W. Griffith's masterpiece by its subsequent title, which was also its LA subtitle, then at least get it right. It's "*The Birth of a Nation.*"

It's easy to see how he could fall into this since the mass media have generally dropped the "*The*" since the thirties. But the great Griffith scholar Seymore Stern was adamant about the "*The*" and would mark students wrong for dropping it.

Harry Aitkin, the picture's final copyright holder, booked it in New York in 1950 without the "*The*" and Stern was soon on the scene to protest and in parting, facetiously told the humorless pioneer that he'd succumbed to a leftist plot and that he'd tell the nearest KKK about this. The "*The*" was restored ...

On Another Point

Though I have reservations about Tom Landess' views of the media's criticism of PTL, I found his description of *The Charlotte Observer* brilliant. It may be the best I've ever seen of Southern liberal rags. But, despite that, does the world actually need "A Second Look at Jim Bakker"?

Respectfully submitted,
Norman Stewart
Hickory, North Carolina

Dear Sir:

Omitting the "The" was our error, not Mr. Poe's.

The Editor

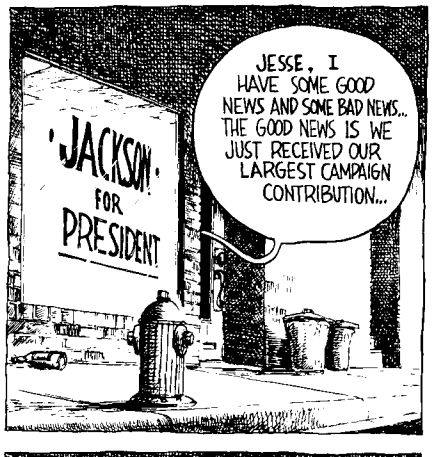
Still the Best

Gentlemen:

Your wrong-headed editor sometimes makes me so mad I could spit railroad spikes, your theology is abysmal (desperately in need of a dose of R.L. Dabney's Calvinism), and you are pitifully in tow to the Eastern Establishment "loyal opposition" conservatives (such as William Buckley). But *Southern Partisan* is still the best magazine in the country.

Renewal check enclosed.
Franklin Sanders
Memphis, Tennessee

Arial©view On Jessie Jackson


'JACKSON' FOR PRESIDENT
JESSE, I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS... THE GOOD NEWS IS WE JUST RECEIVED OUR LARGEST CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION...

Partisan View

RICHARD QUINN

Jesse's True Grit

This space last issue started out on Jesse Helms (praising him for his stout heart on the matter of Martin Luther King). And now, a quarter of a year later, I still have Jesse on my mind.

For reasons that may not be completely obvious, the senatorial campaign in North Carolina is probably the most important election in the country. And that does not exclude the presidential race.

To be sure, Reagan's re-election (should he seek it) is desirable. Any one of the seven dwarfs yo-hoing after the Democratic nomination would be awful. But the presence of Jesse Helms in the United States Senate is far more important than even his friends realize.

Jesse keeps the Administration honest. He's the thunder from the Southern right. Almost alone, he prevents Reagan from being no different than Bush or Baker or Herbert Hoover. Jesse's chair in the Senate is the magnetic point that creates a force field. Without that Southern pole, Ronald Reagan might mutate into Nelson Rockefeller, with Jim Baker instructing him on novel hand gestures for the South.

That's why we want Jesse to win. But for an entirely different reason, we don't want Jesse to lose.

The Helms campaign has taken off the gloves. They are going hell-for-leather on the hard issues. In his recent campaign kick-off, Jesse said it all: "I won't sell my soul to be re-elected." And he came out slugging on ERA, abortion, the public schools, nuclear weapons—all the really tough ones; while Jim Hunt continues to position himself on the mayonnaise issues like drunk-driving (against), forest fires (against), and the need to attract new industry (for).

So if Jesse loses (and he may; it's entirely up hill from here) every conservative office-seeker in the country will read that as a message to back off all but the safe issues, the economic issues. The social agenda of the New Right will be dead in the water. In the months following November, if Helms loses, more Jim Hunts will pop up all over the South (they're already everywhere else). Perfect-looking men with blow-dry hair-dos above their smiling faces—bland fellows who laugh loudly, talk constantly and say nothing.

That's the trouble with Governor Hunt: he is the prototype modern politico; the plastic man who can be pulled out of Raleigh and plugged into Seattle. Or Cincinnati. Or Trenton. And he would blend right in without adjustment. He is the American everyman anywhere talking in tested slogans about the universally safe issues.

To such candidates, both the issues of the campaign and the content of the human heart become as flexible as play-doh. Issues are "explored" or "developed", never felt. Policy becomes a matter of market research and image (find out what they want and give it to them or make them think they got it). Such men are not left-wing ideologues. They are worse. They are bores. Honest leftists seek to remake the world in their own image; but the modern plastic men seek for themselves an image shaped by the world. An illusion. There is no real conviction; no idealism; no concept of the final truth; no blood in the veins.

So a loss by Helms will be seen as a victory for formula politics, a clear signal that the really smart guys are the flexible types like Hunt and the all-new-1984-model of Strom Thurmond—men who let the pros instruct them on the safe issues, the sellable stuff; men who follow their convictions only *after* their convictions have been programmed by the results of yesterday's benchmark opinion poll; men who *always* win but never stop to ask themselves what they won or whether it was worth the price.

Meanwhile, let us understand exactly what Jesse Helms is up to (and up against) in North Carolina. He's not crazy; he's just mad as hell. And because of that, he's running deliberately head-long into the fray. And like the good Old-Southern boy that he is down deep, ultimately, he doesn't expect to win. He'd like to, of course; and he hopes to. But the *stand* is the thing. It's important to fight.

So let's watch Jesse and think of John Wayne, at the end of *True Grit*, still on horseback, standing alone way over on the right side of an empty field, his hands dangling casually from the horn of his saddle. And way over on the other side of the field we see a hundred or more mean-looking hombres, their beady little eyes vibrating with fear.

After a long moment, the Duke makes up his mind: hell no he won't run. The bums may get him before it's all over, but at least some of them will pay the Big Price. The Senate race in North Carolina is a lot like that. The silence will soon be shattered.

Whatever happens, let's pause to appreciate Jesse. He's one of a dying breed.

And while we're pausing to appreciate the Senator from North Carolina, let us also appreciate another hard stand being taken in Nebraska by the Reverend Everett Sileven, whose Faith Christian School has simply refused to make his teachers supplicant to the certification authorities, insisting that he and his flock are responsible to an even higher authority, with stricter and more permanent standards.

So the bureaucrats called the sheriff and the sheriff called the judge and the judge said Sileven was to be arrested. But as of this writing, that hasn't happened. Now Sileven rides a helicopter in on Sundays to preach, while burley members of the congregation form a security force in front of the church to protect him from arrest.

In a recent sermon, the fugitive minister was cheered when he said that "the Christian community is mobilized... the Bible is filled with confrontations between God's men and wicked government." Now the Nebraska Supreme Court has ruled that the Faith Christian School should be closed for failure to employ state-approved teachers.

Remember now. This is Nebraska. Not Alabama or South Carolina. So you don't have to be from the South to be a Southern Partisan. There are Southerners in spirit all over the country. The Copperheads live. And they're fine folks. ⊠

Washington Correspondence

CATHERINE SHEA

NOTE: *This special report goes to press a few days before a scheduled meeting of the Washington and Lee University Board of Trustees to discuss whether that old and distinguished school should abandon its all male status. The issue has been considered and rejected four times in the school's 234-year history. This time, however, the school's president is pushing for change. The board will probably decide this summer. So if you want them to know where you stand, there's still time.*

Washington and Lee University: An Endangered Species

Traditionally, Washington and Lee University has drawn a unique identity from Robert E. Lee's ideal of the southern gentleman. "We have no printed rules here; we have but one rule here, and it is that every student must be a gentleman," wrote General Lee, and he began an Honor System guiding students' behavior that endures after a century. "Anyone could leave a Rolex watch around his room, and be confident that no student would take it," said Editor John Cleghorne of the "Ring-Tum-Phi," the college paper. "Rooms are unlocked, coats and books can be left behind safely in the library for days. Rules against cheating are student-enforced (all examinations are unsupervised); offenders answer to the Honors Court which has the power, independent of the administration, to expel the guilty party."

"This is a very complicated issue," says Professor Sidney Coulling, ('48) an English professor since 1956, "the Admissions Office Demographics Report predicts a steep drop in the student market over the next ten years, so there will be fewer candidates from which to choose students who meet our academic standards. Admitting females would greatly enlarge the pool of students and allow us to keep our standards high." Washington and Lee has had remarkable success in producing graduates of distinction—13 Rhodes Scholars, one-third of the present Virginia Supreme Court, Virginia Senator John Warner, Roger Mudd, Tom Wolfe, Justice Powell, to name a few.

"Washington and Lee has worked very well for 200 years. If it ain't broke, why fix it?" Professor Jefferson Davis Futch, teacher of European history for 22 years, said, "I've worked in coed and non-coed environments, and it helps a great deal for students not to be sidetracked from their studies by the opposite sex. Students are at their most sexually interested at this time of life—coed colleges have often been turned into sexual playpens. Why do you think W&L has had so much success thus far? Well, it is true that about 95% of the faculty is for coeducation, and the administration is 101% for it. Professors, and academics in general have a great herd instinct, and would hate to be seen on the wrong side of a 'progressive' issue."

President John Wilson, as quoted in the "Ring-Tum-Phi" of Nov. 3, said he "did not bring the issue of co-education to W&L, the Western World brought it to all of us...it would enrich the dialogue on campus, and vastly increase the number of young people who are applying to W&L." While he was "immensely impressed with the civility and decency of the students," he said, "inadvertently, we're teaching young men to believe of themselves that they are the serious citizens of society, and that women are only ornamental and recreational dimensions of our lives." However, when asked later if W&L men showed signs of such a prejudicial attitude towards women he said, "no," that the character of W&L students was remarkable in his experience.

While President Wilson was president of the all-female Wells College from '68-'75, he said he "vigorously defended the single-sex institution from the perspective of the female as opposed to the male institution." When asked about this apparent double standard, he said he saw no contradiction, but that his "rationalization was an extrapolation of women's condition in the world": that society having stereotyped women into a particular role over the centuries, there was a stronger call for women's colleges concentrating on women's needs than there was for men's colleges, men not having the same societal impediments to their careers. Regarding the tradition of W&L, he said "it will be up to the Board of Trustees to determine whether being an all male institution is an organic part of W&L's tradition."

James M. Slay, Jr. ('65), chairman of the alumni admission program in the DE-MD-VA region, said "There is some feeling that coeducation is already a 'fait accompli' at W&L, but I simply will not believe that."

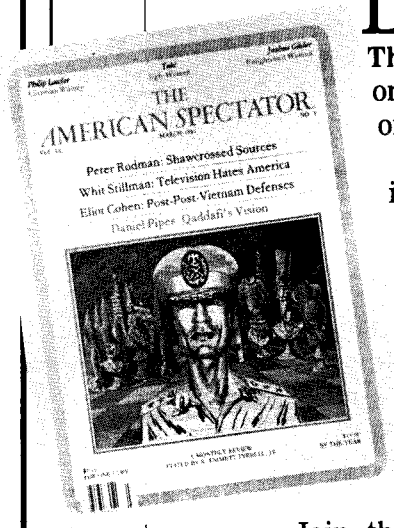
T. Kenneth Cribb Jr., ('70) Assistant Counsellor to the President at the White House asked, "What of W&L's responsibility to society in helping to maintain a pluralistic system of higher education in America? Are we to become homogenized just to mimic allegedly more successful competitors for something called an 'applicant pool'?"

President Wilson has stated that, "if there were to be a shift to play with the characteristics of an institution the proof would surely rest upon those who advocate a significant shift..." That burden of proof still rests upon the proponents of coeducation at Washington and Lee. These proponents must show why enthusiastic recruiting cannot meet the challenge of a projected decline in student numbers. The notion of W&L's being out-of-vogue is unimpressive next to its extraordinary record of achievement. In the November 28, 1983 issue of *U.S. News and World Report*, W&L was overwhelmingly selected by U.S. college presidents as the finest four-year comprehensive university east of the Mississippi offering a liberal arts program and at least one professional program.

While deciding the crucial question that will become the University's life, alumni, students, faculty, and administration should remember that they are part of a rare breed, one worth preserving and cherishing. Imitating the sameness of other schools will risk the destruction of well-loved traditions that give Washington and Lee its character. Surely protecting that which makes Washington and Lee unique is the duty of all those who hold W&L in their affections. ⊠

The writer admits to having been born and reared in the New York area.

The American Spectator is nervy with impudent opinions about politics, culture, and ideology.



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CSA Today

This section covers life today in the thirteen states of the old Confederacy. Readers are invited to submit items for consideration.

Alabama

We called a friend recently to find out what was going on in Alabama and he told us he wasn't exactly sure because he doesn't read the newspaper, only *The Southern Partisan*. We asked him about George Wallace and were met with silence. Then suddenly he remembered something important. A new book had just come out in Mobile, privately published by the descendant of a Confederate soldier—another one of those priceless memoirs that crop up from time to time to make vivid for us the flesh and bone of men long fallen away to dust.

"Just a moment," he said, "You've got to hear this."

He came back to the phone and read us Gabriel Richard Ellis' account of how he came down the road from Mobile, on the way back from the war and met his eldest brother, who had also fought for the South. We agreed that it was fine passage.

So nothing and everything is going on in Alabama, which still knows what's memorable in life and what isn't. We didn't want to hear about Governor What's-His-Name anyway.

Arkansas

Our man in Arkansas tells us that Governor Bill Clinton is back in the state house. Voters, disillusioned with his earlier performance, threw him out of office—in part, some say, because his wife wouldn't use her married name. During the recent campaign, however, she agreed to call herself Mrs. Clinton (some of the time); and he promised to hold the line on taxes. Now that he's in office he's put through a tax increase and she's gone back to her maiden name.

Nevertheless, Arkansans are still planning to hold their annual folk festival in Mountain View this April. There'll be Bluegrass bands playing on the square and in the Stone County courtrooms and hallways as well. This event, promoted by folk-singer Jimmy Driftwood, brings thousands of people out of the hills and its effects linger through the hot, dusty summer and the slow, brilliant fall, with performers appearing every afternoon and evening over the weekends. You can even pick up a gallon of moonshine from some of the hillfolk if you want to, but the price has gone up to $15. It's probably because of Bill Clinton's tax increase.

Florida

The taxpayers are revolting in Florida, just as they did a while back in California; and a version of the famous Proposition 13 goes on the ballot this fall. Already you can see panic in the eyes of politicians: Tallahassee legislators are waving their arms in the air; county commissioners are huddled together in angry little knots; school boards are pushing pins in dolls. It looks like an Armageddon of sorts, with Governor Bob Graham leading the bureaucrats, and hundreds of thousands of old folks marching against him.

Part of Florida's trouble lies in the success of its Chamber of Commerce, which has attracted so many Nawthiners down to the Sunshine State that some municipalities can no longer accommodate them. In fact current predictions place Florida fourth in population by the year 2000; yet in some places water must be rationed because immigres are drinking it all up or wantonly sprinkling it over their Bermuda grass. More than one coastal city has passed an ordinance forbidding construction of further condominiums, worried that one day the whole state will simply sink into the sea from the sheer weight of too many Yankees.

And of course the demand for social services increases daily, hourly as people flock across the border, big smiles on their faces, their pockets empty. Taxes rise. Taxpayers revolt. And all the while the Chamber of Commerce beats its insistent drums, begging people through ads in the *New York Times* to come on down and join the fun.

The next time anyone mentions the Sunbelt, you might tell them just how much gold the golden sunshine is costing the citizens of Florida.

Georgia

For the past several months Georgia has been preoccupied with executions, past and present. After decades of silence an old man, voice cracking, has stepped forward to testify that Leo Frank, lynched by a Georgia mob for the brutal rape and murder of a small child, was indeed innocent, as his defenders have long maintained. The *real* murderer, it seems, was a black man, who threatened a young boy (the only person who could testify against him) and intimidated him into half a century of silence.

Now a Jewish group wishes to have Frank legally pardoned, but the Parole and Pardon Board says there is not enough evidence to reverse the earlier decision, and the state legislature claims it has no authority to act.

Meanwhile, in the 1980s, one condemned murderer has been executed in Georgia and one temporarily reprieved. Now let's see if we have this straight: the black murderer was granted a stay of execution on the grounds that because he was a black he was more likely to be given the death penalty than a white man. The white man, on the other hand, was less likely, by virtue of his race, to be executed, so he was. Makes perfect sense.

Kentucky

Kentucky's first female governor is settling into office. Her election last year (as a Democrat) was a good bit more comfortable than had been predicted.

Running as the former Lt. Governor, Martha Collins campaigned hard, pledging (a) to improve education and (b) not to increase taxes. Our man in Kentucky tells us that Governor Collins is now probing that state budget, looking for pockets of fat.

Meanwhile, the National Democratic Party sees a gold mine in Kentucky. They have prevailed on the lady governor to hop around the country as part of a fund-raising team. Also, the Democratic presidential contenders are piously dropping her name as a possible running mate. With her as a horse, they hope to finish first. Which reminds us: the Kentucky Derby is coming up again in May.

Louisiana

Governor Edwin Edwards has introduced something new in Louisiana hayrides: a fundraising trip to Paris with side excursions to Belgium and Monte Carlo. Two 747's

renamed "The Evangeline" and "The Gabriel" for reasons we won't go into— are taking off from New Orleans even as we go to press, hauling 607 Louisianans, nonstop who are paying $10,000 a head for the mad excursion. (46 legislators and their wives and 30 reporters only pay $2,100 each—the actual cost of the trip.)

The purpose of this flying circus is to pay off Edwards' campaign debt of over $4,000,000; and if he doesn't lose his bankroll at the Casino in Monte Carlo he should net enough to take care of the deficit. During the election campaign, Edwards, now in his third term, rollicked around the state, throwing extravagant bashes in order to live up to his unlikely slogan —*Laissez les bons temps rouler!* After he'd defeated Republican incumbent David Treen, Edwards couldn't resist boasting: "We will have spent more money in the campaign than was spent by this country in buying the territory of Louisiana. ($15,000,000)."

So what's so surprising about that? Everything costs more these days.

Mississippi

Why did Mississippians re-elect a governor accused of patronizing black homosexual prostitutes? Are voters in the Magnolia State indistinguishable from those in Massachusetts? Not according to our man in Mississippi who carefully explained the difference:

The charges against Congressman Studds didn't make any difference to the voters of Massachusetts. But in Mississippi, the voters thought the story about their governor was a lie. So they supported a man perceived as the victim of a vile smear.

However, the sordid business isn't over. In the heat of the campaign, the governor promised the people he would sue his accusers after the election, thereby exposing the emptiness of their charge. He hasn't sued. And the other side still claims they have witnesses, at least six.

Meanwhile, three of the witnesses now say they lied, that they wouldn't know him if he walked through the door. Others say the three revisionists (who, by the way, are transvestites) were beaten and bribed into changing their story. One of them showed up at the press conference with a broken foot. Tune in next issue.

Missouri

The Missouri League of Women Voters has decided to push for ratification of the D.C. Amendment. So the Women have landed in Jefferson City, bearing large buttons: DC—THE LAST COLONY.

The D.C. Amendment proposes to make Washington into the 51st state, giving that most liberal of cities 2 U.S. Senators and a batch of congressmen. Do we *always* have to make our colonies into states? Why not just cut this one loose?

North Carolina

The big question in North Carolina is still the same: can Jesse Helms survive the attack of the Eastern Establishment?

The only thing Helms has going for him is his integrity and the incorrigible wimpery of his declared opponent, Democrat Governor Jim Hunt. Trying to attack the governor is like trying to spear a heap of warm aspic on a salad plate, but Helms is gearing up for a tough campaign, one designed to show North Carolinians just how weak Hunt really is. Already the billboards are out, and the battle lines are being drawn. In fact, the latest polls show that Helms has cut the governor's once spine-chilling lead from 20% to a mere 5%. So things are looking up.

South Carolina

The citizens of the Palmetto State are being exhorted by their New-South-Governor Dick Riley to let him raise their sales tax from 4¢ to 5¢ on the dollar. The new revenue, he says, will be pledged to improving public education.

Riley, who is thick with the leaders of the Chamber of Commerce, got them to endorse the plan. Now, in protest, businesses are quitting the Chamber left and right.

Riley may well be facing his first major legislative defeat. The scheme was already in trouble when it was disclosed recently that he was secretly using tax dollars (federal grant funds) to promote the tax plan in a slick television ad campaign. Now he say's he's not going to do that anymore. But, as of this writing, the mood in the state is sour.

There may be rough days ahead in the life of Riley.

Tennessee

Our man in Tennessee tells us that although President Reagan is still popular in the Volunteer State, the Republicans may well lose a senate seat this fall when Howard Baker steps down. Baker, who would like to be President himself, is regarded as sound on economic issues but "moderate" on the hard social issues. He will, therefore, be moderately missed.

His probable successor is Albert Gore, Jr. whose father was a congressman and senator before him. The young Gore has an attractive wife and children with fine white teeth and he has consistently opposed federal gun control. Currently he is far ahead of the Democratic pack.

Texas

After one of the worst winters in history Texas is turning its attention to politics. The roads, now free from ice, are jammed with candidates for John Tower's soon-to-be-vacant seat, dashing around the state, making public appearances.

In fact, not too long ago Bob Kruger, the front runner for the Democratic nomination, showed up at the Possum Festival in East Texas, armed this year with an attractive wife and a little folksier approach to politics. The last time out he was a bachelor who was just a little too old to be unmarried, and who sounded too much like a college dean on the stump. Now that he's shown up at this event, which is sponsored each year by the prestigious Institute for Possumology, the Democratic chances are looking up. More on the Republican race in the next issue.

Virginia

The problem with Virginia these days can be summarized in one word: "Washington." Too many of the Capital city's low-life bureaucrats have spilled into the northern counties and have compromised to some degree the integrity of a state which was once the most exemplary in the Old South. One example should suffice.

This year the Arlington County government, bowing all too readily to the pressure of its new residents, ordered its employees to observe Martin Luther King Day and to ignore the birthday of Robert E. Lee, whose people have inhabited that part of Virginia since the beginnings of the Republic. This arbitrary local order, we are told, is contrary to state law, which mandates the ritual recognition of Virginia's most distinguished son. It's fortunate that King wasn't born during the last weeks of December. Otherwise the folks in Arlington County would be missing Christmas. ⊠

THE CAUSE

DIXIE.

To some it's a song,
To others a place.
To us at the South Foundation,
it's a way of life.

A way of life which has been under attack for decades. Attacked by those who object to our beliefs...beliefs in such "dangerous" institutions as the family, the church, and the community.

They attack our belief in such "radical values" as honesty, honor, morality, and patriotism.

The attacks continue...

The national media, ivory tower intellectuals, secular humanists, and others who have always been bothered by any idea older than the 1960's, are fighting our values and philosophy with every ounce of strength they possess.

But now things are changing.

The cavalry has arrived.

No longer will vicious slurs against our land go unanswered.

We are ready to do battle....

To fight for a way of life too valuable to lose.

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CONTINUES...

The South Foundation is dedicated to the preservation, defense, and advancement of Southern history, culture, and philosophy.

PROJECTS

– RADIO –
VOICE OF DIXIE

The Voice of Dixie broadcasts across the airwaves the philosophy of the traditional South.

This format is by far our most effective vehicle for reaching the apathetic, the uninvolved and the young.

This weekly fifteen-minute radio show is distributed free to interested stations across the South.

The Voice of Dixie features interviews, music, local events, humor, and on-location reports. A special version is produced for college stations.

– SPEAKERS BUREAU –

The South Foundation currently is expanding its bureau of talented, informed, and dedicated speakers. They are available to civic, cultural, and historical organizations. Our speakers bureau is just another way the South Foundation promotes the Southern philosophy.

– SEMINARS –

The South Foundation is formulating a series of seminars aimed at high school seniors and college student. Using the leading minds of the South, these seminars will educate from the Southern perspective.

– CONFERENCE –

In 1985, the South Foundation will sponsor the first annual "South Conference".

Workshops will focus on the cooking, the art, the architecture, the music and crafts of the South.

Panels on Southern history, philosophy, literature and language, as well as on the War Between the States, will examine a more serious side of the South.

Seminars for young people will counter the revisionist history, humanism and collectivism now being force-fed our children by public education.

Finally, the best of Southern food, music and humor will be served up with such hospitality as only the South can offer.

– HISTORICAL PRESERVATION –

The South Foundation has established a special fund for preservation of historical sights and landmarks in danger of extinction. We believe that a society that retains no reminders of the past has very little hope for the future.

Think about it.

Do you want future generations to grow up without the roots, without the benefit of traditions, and, most important, without the values we as Southerners hold so dear?

Help the South Foundation spread our defense of Dixie to all fronts.

Send your tax deductible contribution today.

Dixie...

There is too much to gain, to lose.

Please see the insert for details on limited edition print for contributions of $100 or more or call our office collect at (615) 584-1530

THE SOUTH FOUNDATION

Obiter Dicta

Happy New Year

Over the Christmas season, *Southern Partisan* readers were typically generous in their support of this journal. Because of your generosity, we ended 1983 solvent. And we begin 1984 full of determination to go on forever. THANK YOU!

Please note also that our journal is now accepting a few advertisements. So if you can, patronize our advertisers. They need the business. And so do we.

Whose Holiday?

Did you notice how many schools and county governments and businesses locked up on Monday, January 16 for the brand new "national holiday?"

Let us remember that Martin Luther King Day is *not* a national holiday. It is a federal holiday. There still is a difference.

So when MLK Day finally goes into effect, your mailman will get off. Along with 99.9% of the population of Washington, D.C. The rest of us, however, (unless our state governments decree otherwise) can be civilly obedient and still carry on business as usual.

The Gender Yap

From now on, the killing of unborn babies will be referred to by the Gender Yappers as the exercise of "reproductive freedom." The phrase was coined by one of the movements founding mothers, Gloria Steinem.

Ms. Steinem, widely regarded in the Yankee Press as a moderate "spokesperson" for the movement, in a recent interview said of President Reagan: "He is the most anti-equality President in history as far as I know." On how "far" she knows, we will not speculate.

On Phyllis Schlafly, Ms. Steinem added: "...she wouldn't probably have a job or be nationally known if it weren't for the women's movement."

Indeed. If it weren't for the women's movement, how well-known would Ms. Steinem be? Phyllis Schlafly was writing books unrelated to feminism when Ms. Steinem was still working undercover as a Playboy bunny.

Sad Sacrament

The "Reverend" Jacqueline Means, first ordained woman in the Episcopal priesthood, is seeking an annulment, claiming that her husband didn't tell her about a mental condition prior to their marriage. It seems that he suffers from depression.

Imagine how terrible it would be to find out after you'd been married to someone for three years that he had a tendency to get down in the dumps? It's more than a priestess should be asked to bear; and apparently the Reverend Ms. Means wants the court to understand that she would never have married the man in the first place if he'd told her what a stick-in-the-mud he was going to be.

She says that if she doesn't receive an annulment, she's going to divorce him anyway. It's a terrible inconvenience to have someone around the house who gets sad. And even if God did join them together, the admonition is to "let no *man* put asunder."

The Big Chill

Have you noticed how suddenly, how silently the nuclear freeze movement has folded its tents and stolen away? No continuing massive demonstrations. No news conferences. No emergency committee meetings followed by worried clergymen reading long documents written in the passive voice. Oh, we'll hear a few more peeps from college students and wild-eyed housewives, but the pros have shut down the operation—at least for now.

And why? Because the reason for the movement has vanished with the deployment of American missiles in Europe. If the freezers carried on with their program now, they would have to direct their energies toward persuading the Soviet Union not to respond to the deployment. They would have to say, "OK, we failed on this side of the Iron Curtain, so why don't you good people show simplistic fools like Reagan just how peace loving the Kremlin really is; show us you're ready to halt this mad proliferation of atomic world-enders; because somebody's got to take the first step."

But has anyone said anything like that? Of course not. And they won't say it; neither in this country nor in Europe, because the international nuclear freeze movement has lost its leadership.

And who were these leaders? Why, the Soviets, of course. They were the ones who started the nuclear freeze movement, immediately after they gained nuclear superiority in Europe with their latest deployment of weapons.

Now, American politicians who went along with the freeze line get terribly huffy when you point this out. They rise from their seats in the Senate and House, lips trembling, to shake their jowls at anyone who makes such a suggestion. Even the President, who alluded to the movement's origins, backed off from his earlier statements in the wake of congressional indignation.

But if anyone still believes that the nuclear freeze movement was inspired by a high-minded group of world-lovers, ask yourself this: Why did our deployment in Europe have such a chilling effect on the rhetoric of the freeze freaks? Especially now that the United States may well be willing to agree to the freeze. And guess who isn't?

Heroes and Hotdogs

In the midst of our frustration over the impasse in Lebanon and our anger at the politicians who seek to exploit the situation, there's at least one thing to feel good about—the United States Marines. And when we say Marines we include not only the fighting men, but their wives, children, sisters, brothers and parents as well.

Needless to say, whatever the rest of us may feel in the face of this bloody stalemate, the Marines and their families are the ones who have borne a lion's share of the pain. Yet they alone have behaved magnificently—both in Lebanon and in this country. With the entire press corps swarming around them, frantic to elicit criticism of the President, these extraordinary people have, with few exceptions, held firm, mourned their loss with dignity and kept the faith.

The American press, with its own brand of cold disregard for the dead, the dying and the soon-to-die have

managed to make a very simple matter complicated, a clear issue confusing. Everyone keeps saying, night after night, that no one knows why our troops are in Lebanon; consequently, they must be withdrawn at the earliest possible moment.

But the President has told us exactly why they're deployed. It's to secure the peace negotiations that are underway and to protect the airport, to keep it open for all sorts of obvious reasons. Surely, no one knows the benefits of free access to Lebanon more than the press. It is largely because of the Marines that the wire services and networks have been able to fly in and out so easily, gathering information for their grubby vignettes of despair, taking shots of burning buildings and mutilated bodies to use as backdrops for their urgent little 90-second sermonettes.

But the story in Lebanon is bigger, by far, than those who report it. Nothing Dan Rather can say will ever diminish the news: The heroes in Beirut, as in so many other places so often in our history, are the Marines. God bless them.

Libbing It Up

If one good thing can be said for the Women's Movement it is that the Left is being forced to reexamine some of its shibboleths, albeit not without cursing under the breath.

Item: Liberals once regarded rape as a relatively inconsequential crime and looked with disdain on Southern juries when they handed out death sentences for such trifling misconduct. Earl Warren's court in particular took out after this "cruel and inhuman" practice, suggesting that the attitude that lay behind it all was, well, medieval-something we contracted by reading too many novels by Sir Walter Scott.

Now the Left is being told by numerous shrill voices that killing is too good for a rapist, that he should be mutilated first, then boiled slowly in oil while members of the National Organization of Women dance around the pot, chanting slogans and waving banners.

Recently a Southern judge, enraged by a particularly brutal rape, sentenced the three convicted defendants to lengthy prison sentences with an interesting twist: if the convicts so desired, they could reduce their sentence by submitting to voluntary castration.

Had such a sentence been handed down fifteen years ago every liberal in the country would have cried out in rage and anguish, but thus far the comments have been relatively muted. Oh, a few have complained in the old, self-righteous way. But others have looked on the sentence more favorably. There are signs of confusion in the Left Establishment.

Item: A few weeks ago, a battered common-law wife proposed a new solution to an age-old problem. Repeatedly beaten by her man, she got up one morning; and while he was sleeping, she took a rifle, aimed it at his head, and fired four times at point-blank range.

Since that time, he has not lifted a hand against her. At the trial (at the urging of her feminist council) she pleaded self-defense. After a long and emotional day in court, the jury returned a verdict of aggravated homicide, a mild sentence as homicides go.

But the lady (excuse us) woman was outraged, as were her attorney and sister. They wanted to blaze a new legal trail that would allow battered women to sneak up on their tormentors and bushwhack them without warning. The sister was almost rabid on the subject. Rolling her eyes and throwing her head around like a big league pitcher she snarled, "We're just going to take it back into court until we win."

The implications of the case are complicated and profound. What indeed is a woman supposed to do under such circumstances? Arguably, if the guy is mean enough, flight by the woman may be a practical impossibility. But then a sleeping man is hardly an imminent threat to anyone's life.

Meanwhile, until these issues are resolved, husbands might well refrain from complaining that the chicken is underfried.

Three Years of Reagan

"Now we'll find out if it's possible to save the country." That's what a wise observer (one of our editors) said in 1980, right after Reagan's election.

"If he can't turn it around," the observer continued, "Why, then we can all enjoy the dubious luxury of not having to worry about politics anymore, because all will be lost."

Here we are now with three years of Ronald Reagan behind us. So what can we say?

Things are better. Much better. Inflation's way down. The employment picture is brighter. Banks are loaning money again at saner interest rates. And notice all the new construction you'll see on your way to work tomorrow. Voodoo economics? Perhaps. But the spell is working.

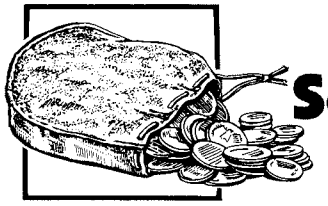
What we want, however, is more fundamental and less likely to appeal to the directors of Chase Manhattan. We're worried about the moral chaos into which the nation has fallen, and we have this vague irrational fear that if the economy goes too well, we'll all end up in hell, every single one of us. We're apprehensive about the breakup of the family, the drug problem, the failure of the judicial system, the unnatural obsession of everyone with sex, casual abortion, the currency of absurd ideas about the meaning of religious freedom, and the bumbling but steady success of the Soviet Union in its world adventures.

To allay these fears of his most faithful followers, the President has done very little. Occasionally someone from the White House staff will whisper knowingly, "Wait till the second term, after we've fixed the economy. Then we'll address the social issues." But this sounds a little suspicious in the light of the President's own early assurances that the only way to run a government is to forget about the second term. Most of us believed him when he said that, so now we're cautious, a bit cynical.

Of course, the action in Grenada was tough. It showed us that Reagan was not entirely like the frightened little man he replaced. Yet the sputtering and the inaction that followed the Flight 007 atrocity told us that he wasn't different enough.

Now all of a sudden James Reston is telling us that Reagan's doing a lot better, becoming more "realistic" and more "reasonable" about things. Can the *New York Times* be right? Is it inevitable that Reagan (like all Presidents) will "move toward the center," toward the easy, luxurious sag in the middle of the mattress, where America longs to lie?

Southerners will, of course, vote for Reagan in 1984. There is no option other than preparing new Articles of Secession. Besides, they say Jim Baker is leaving. Next term maybe Reagan himself will run the Reagan Administration.



The Scalawag Award

It goes without saying that any Southerner who winds up on the staff of CBS News is by definition a Scalawag. But what are we to make of a Southerner who works for CBS News *and* manages to get himself named "Television Man of the Century" by the Los Angeles Times? Clearly this fellow has paid some extraordinary dues.

His name is Bill Moyers, chief propagandist for LBJ's Great Society, and for reasons more recent than that, he is our Winter Scalawag.

On the first show of his new series (*A Walk Through the Twentith Century with Bill Moyers*) he returns to his birthplace, Marshall, Texas—bringing along the crew of WNET/New York with all their trucks, directors, assistant directors, and best boys—just for the purpose of resurrecting the Ghost of Segregation Past.

However, there is a minor production problem: since all the visible signs of the Dear Departed have long been removed (and since Marshall, Texas is probably more integrated today than Dobbs Ferry, New York) Moyers has to trick the spectral presence out of the memories of white-haired hump-backed old men and women who ordinarily would be spending their last days dozing on the front porches of clapboard houses ravaged by time.

So playing on their innate courtesy and their recollections of him as a child, Moyers asks all the leading questions. One frail woman—her hands no more than the veins of a disintegrated leaf—says that, yes, back in the old days she *did* ride around her farm everyday after her husband died, just to make sure the sharecroppers didn't steal from her. Another old-timer, skull straining at his loose skin, tells how he made part of his land available to ex-slaves who wanted to be buried on the old home place and is reminded (indeed hoodwinked into recalling) that the favorite family dog was buried nearby; never intending the comparison for which Moyers is straining.

Then, in a moment of uncontrolled petulance, Moyers tells the TV audience that his father had to pay a good portion of his small weekly wages because Billy Don had broken a sign outside the old Marshall Department Store. (The old folks call him "Billy Don," not "Bill.")

Suddenly, we see it all: why Billy Don Moyers and others like him have turned into such hateful prigs. It's because they resent the station their families occupied once in the Southern community; they're full of that peckerwood insecurity that can produce (at one extreme) a James Earl Ray or (at the other) a Billy Don Moyers—one hating blacks because it makes him feel socially superior; the other hating all the homefolks because it makes him feel *morally* superior. And all of it nothing more than envy, now a universal virtue among Yellow Dog Democrats everywhere.

So, we're holding your Scalawag Award, Billy Don, down here at the *Partisan* office. But don't come in the front door. Just call first. We'll leave it in a brown bag around on the back steps. ⊠

Man of the Century?

As a footnote to our Scalawag Award this time, we have a special announcement to make about that "Man of the Century Award" given to Bill Moyers by the LA Times. There's something you should know about it that wasn't included in the news release.

The editor and publisher of the LA Times is none other than Tom Johnson, who before he came to LA was editor of the *Dallas Times Herald*. And before that, he worked with Moyers on LBJ's staff. Small world, isn't it? Lyndon's boys stick together. When they're not fixing elections in Texas, they're fixing "Man of the Century Awards" in California.

But still, Moyers has made it on his own. He has been useful to CBS because he can *always* be counted on to do a hatchet job on the folks down home. And now, more than ever, it has become a psychological necessity for CBS and the other networks to remind the nation of the South's past sins because the alternative is to pay attention to *current* racial problems (the most flagrant examples of which can be found today in New York and Boston and Chicago). So that, dear friends, explains why *Sixty Minutes* is doing stories on Florida race riots of the 1920's and why Bill Moyers is mucking around in the ancient history of Marshall, Texas.

Come to think of it, why don't we nominate Mr. Moyers as Scalawag of the Century?

Three Bags of Pecans

First, you must believe that when we gave Senator Strom Thurmond the Scalawag Award in our last issue it was not without a certain soul-searching on the part of our editorial staff. Ma Bell rubbed her hands over the lengthy telephone conversations that took place, many of them in prime time, and the vote was not quite unanimous. Only after the facts were out on the table and clearly labeled did a landslide majority give their assent.

Well, a few days after the issue hit the post office, we spoke with one of the Senator's South Carolina aides. He didn't sound worried—just concerned. He understood that there might be something in our latest issue that he should see. We suggested that there was always something in the *Partisan* that would interest him and that the magazine was a bargain at $12 a year. He wasn't amused.

But a week or so later a member of the Senator's staff came around to see one of our Washington Editors. He was bringing a present: three bags of pecans. Not just your roadstand pecans, bulging the sides of brown paper sacks, still in their hulls three fingernail-ripping hours away from eating. These pecans had been shelled! If you looked at them very carefully you could see the sheen on their yellow-brown wrinkled surfaces indicating that the meat was oozing rich oil, that these were not only fresh pecans but *good* fresh pecans. They were not the sort of gift you'd pass along to your old-maid aunts at Christmas time because you know they are living in poverty and would appreciate any old thing they could stick into their mouths. In short, these were Sunday-go-to-meeting pecans. You wouldn't hesitate a minute to offer them to your preacher or your boss, saying with a wave of your hand that they came off your folks' farm and that your wife had sat up all night picking them by hand.

Immediately the *Partisan* staff began to quarrel over just whose pecans these really were. Did they, for example, belong to our man in Washington just because he happened to be there to receive them? He maintained that they did, that they were a perquisite Washington correspondents enjoyed in partial compensation for having to

live up there. The rest of us weren't too sure. Since our editor-in-chief actually wrote the paragraphs that brought forth the pecans he wanted to lay claim to them as his sole property.

Yet the senior editors pointed out that the decision to give Senator Thurmond the award in the first place was a corporate one and that their sentiments had been incorporated, consciously or unconsciously, into the document itself. It was like the Declaration of Independence, they argued; while Jefferson wrote it, the glory belonged to all the signers, and if King George had sent over pecans instead of troops all would have shared alike in the bounty.

As of this writing the pecans are still in Washington, unless of course, the rest of us have been misled. But the question now is: whether three bags of pecans will silence us.

No, far from gobbling up pecans with a contended smile, we are now conferring as to what might be done to remind the Senator who he is and whom he's supposed to be representing.

The heck of it is, there's no political reason for Senator Thurmond to take this new turn. For years, the surveys have shown that Thurmond is stronger among all voters than he is among conservative Republicans. Therefore, if he has an Achilles' heel, it would be in a GOP primary challenge by a solid conservative, the very group he is alienating with those befuddled votes on the DC Amendment, Voting Rights Extension and MLK Day. So these latter day outbursts of political pragmatism are not for him very pragmatic. But we do appreaciate the pecans.

The Black List

One by one, the big companies have collapsed to the demands of PUSH.

Now Food Lion, the grocery store chain, has been threatened with a boycott unless they add blacks to their board of directors, *et cetera*. These guys make Al Capone look like an amateur.

The Birth of Lee

"The Confederate States Open Embassy on Capitol Hill." That was the headline in a recent Washington social column.

The occasion (January 14) was a spectacular celebratic of the birth of General Lee at the old Senate Caucus Room, on Capitol Hill, where the Jefferson Davis Camp and Confederate Memorial Hall sponsored "Embassy Night."

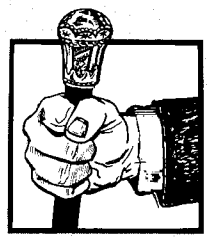
Hosted by Senator John East of North Carolina, 250 ladies and gentlemen of the Old South (many of the men in Confederate uniform) waltzed and enjoyed such delicacies as barbeque, potato pie and julip toast. The Hall rang with all the verses of "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Present that night were descendents of General Lee, Jeb Stuart, Jefferson Davis, John Singleton Mosby and Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Just prior to the occasion, a publication entitled *The Third World Report* called, asking the director of Confederate Embassy Night whether a reporter for their journal might attend this reception put on by what they took to be the newest member of the third world nations.

"Thank you for asking," they were told, "but no. The Confederacy will not join the third world. We do not seek federal aid."

It was a grand night, proving that the memory of Lee is alive and well—even inside enemy territory. ⊠

The Partisan Award



NOTE: ***With this issue, we begin what we hope will be a regular department, the Partisan Award, conceived as a way of recognizing an outstanding individual contribution to the South and to the founding spirit of the American Republic, to which the South has always been faithful. At the present moment, Scalawags are far more numerous than Partisans—or at the least they are more conspicuous in the public life of our country. So this award may be given less frequently than its notorious opposite, which appears on the opposing page of this issue. Fortunately for us all, however, there are men and women living today whom we can and should admire. This is our small way of recognizing the partisans of the South.***

Our first Partisan Award goes to James McClellan—scholar, lawyer, political theorist, author and legal activist—who is doing more than anyone we know these days to challenge the tyranny of the federal courts.

McClellan, who holds a law degree and a PhD in Political Science, has left his post as adviser to the Senate Judiciary Committee and is now a prime mover in the Center for Judicial Studies, a non-profit foundation located in Cumberland, Virginia. His various activities have already begun to rattle the cages of federal judges.

McClellan also edits a new journal, *Benchmark*, which monitors the excesses of federal judges throughout the country. More than any other current publication, *Benchmark* gives thoughtful and frightening insights into the theories and practices of the modern legal establishment.

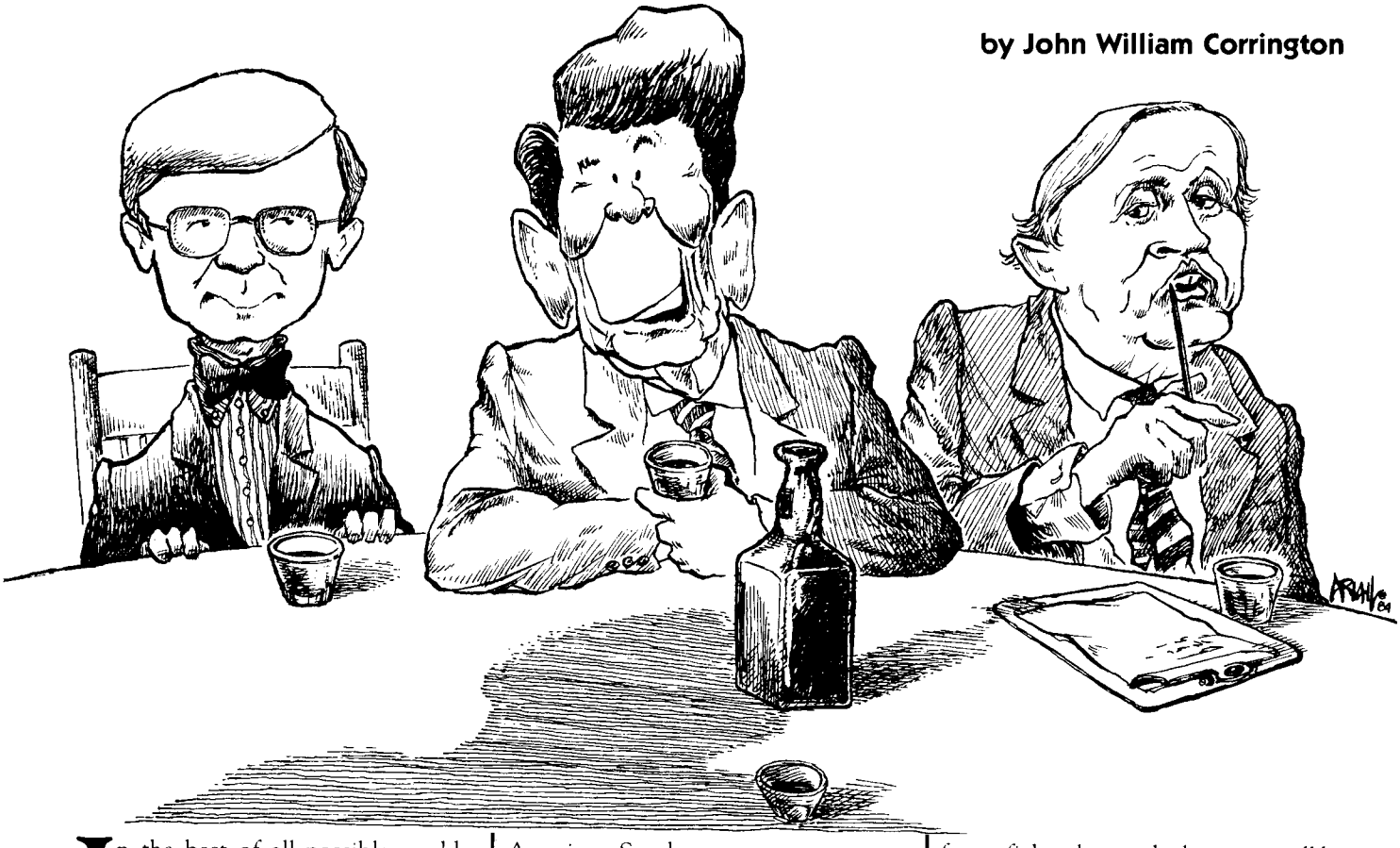
The Center for Judicial Studies, under Jim McClellan's guidance, has also commissioned and published crucial studies on the Supreme Court's role in legalizing homosexuality and on the growing ignorance of the Constitution, which now threatens the survival of liberty in this country. More recently, the Center sponsored its First Annual Conference on Religious Liberty, which included panels on such important topics as the Bob Jones decision and the Alabama Prayer case, for which McClellan himself provided much of the essential research. The symposium, a significant intellectual event in the history of religious freedom, included speakers ranging from members of congress to professors and deans of law schools, many of them Southern traditionalists, who came together to find some way to salvage what is left of our spiritual heritage under the Constitution.

In all of these activities, James McClellan has been the moving spirit. For his energetic and persistent service to the South and what is left of the Old Republic, we are honored to present him the first Southern Partisan Award. It will never be more appropriately given. ⊠

Are Southerners Different?
or
(I'm Sure I'm a Southerner—I Guess I'm Conservative)

A brilliant Southern novelist, poet, critic, and filmwriter tackles the crucial question of why he disagrees with other types of conservatives and what he believes the South is all about.

by John William Corrington



In the best of all possible worlds, President Reagan, George Will, William Buckley and I—conservatives all—or so it would appear—should be able to sit down over glasses of sour mash and find ourselves in such sweet agreement on the range of problems facing the world and the humankind in it that any opinion one of us stated might by and large draw nothing more than approving nods from the others.

But as most of us are constrained to notice now and again this is not the best of worlds, possible or otherwise, and the notion that conservatives east, west, midwest and south will find themselves in agreement on most matters of policy—much less on specific applications of policy—amounts to sentimentality, if not downright delusion.

The truth is that the very notion of conservatism differs—on some points radically—between various regions of America. Surely no one expects or wishes there to be a conservative creed on the Nicene model with an appropriate place at the bottom right-hand side for individual signatures. But the nagging question arises from time to time as to how much those who reckon themselves to be conservatives in various areas of the country actually have in common.

In recent months, for example, President Reagan's stationing of Marines in Lebanon without a clear-cut combat role, a mission to achieve, has made me question whether his conservatism and mine hold the same view of the use of military force. My view is simple and founded purely on Roman principles: Avoid battle whenever an interest or purpose can be obtained by other means, political, diplomatic, or economic; fight only for clear-cut interests which can be won or preserved by force; fight when and where you will be able to achieve a determinable victory. If you engage, win—at whatever cost—and make sure the enemy suffers disproportionately greater loss than you do. I cannot say what the President's view is.

Again, in a column written some months ago with regard to the nomination of a noted Southern academic as executive of the National Endowment for the Humanities, George Will attacked the nominee in a manner better suited for fulminations against Mao or Stalin. The gravamen of the man's offense: He had written a scholarly article on the proposition that Abraham Lincoln was a chiliastic Gnostic, caught up in the crazed visions and rhetoric generally associated with the likes of Bakunin or John Brown. A man who could thus view Lincoln

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obviously was unfit for such a post as head of the NEH.

Horsefeathers! As a matter of fact, I did not agree with that evaluation of Lincoln—and so informed the distinguished scholar in question long before Mr. Will saw his paper. For my part, I would as soon the term "Gnostic" remain in the technical vocabulary of philosophers of history and not become one more useless term of insult on the order of "Fascist" and "Communist."

But Will's stance comes close to requiring a loyalty oath to the Great Emancipator, and I for one will not have it. It is one thing to live one's life under the necessity of empirical events long past; it is quite another to be forced to genuflect to them. If I cannot agree to Lincoln's being a Gnostic, I have no great affection for the man under whose aegis my nation was destroyed; nor would I temper my observations regarding him either to please Mr. Will or gain a post dependent upon political patronage and denial of my own historical past.

My problem with Mr. Buckley is far less specific. It is more in the way of what Henry Kissinger likes to call "atmospherics." I do not care for the Ivy League mentality; nor have I much use for what a newsmagazine called a few years ago "The American Aristocracy." This is not a working-man's prejudice—though I share a number of those. It is more specifically an *anamnesis*, a recollection that the American nation—back when it belonged to all of us— had to do with a certain hard-nosed intelligence, an openness to experience, a limited but real sense of classical past and a profound respect not only for institutions in place but for the work of a man's hands and mind as well as a deep and unshakeable certainty of the role of divine providence in the affairs of humanity not to mention a profound contempt for inherited title, place and dignity.

There is, thank God, despite the media flacks, no American aristocracy because the only concrete thing that passes from generation to generation is money and it may well be that law permits altogether too much of that to pass on.

I do not dispute Mr. Buckley's implicit high valuation of style, and few derive more pure malevolent pleasure from his writing when he takes off on Galbraith or Schlesinger than I do. But I cannot overcome the sense that, at last, Mr. Buckley will give the world for wit, and while that may pass for a polity in the farther reaches of Westchester County, I incline to more substantial fare.

But enough carping on what, taken together, do not constitute substantive points of disagreement. We would do better to suggest, even though in barest outline, what I take to be some of the foundations of a conservatism that would involve traditional Southern thought and sentiment. Beginning with...

The Land. I have always supposed that Clifford Dowdey was the wisest of Southern historians because he named his one-volume history of the Confederate War, *The Land They Fought For.* Dowdey knew what Faulkner knew when he wrote the monumental introduction to his collection of stories, *Big Woods.* We fought then—and would, even now, fight not for a political ideology or a manner of distributing goods or some damned fool got up to look like Mussolini or Castro—but for this place, this soil, this South. My South is Louisiana and East Texas. That is where, in the phrase of Professor Eric Voegelin, I had my "primary experience of the cosmos." In the swampy fingers of Bistineau or Blue Lake, on the Tchefuncta River in St. Tammany Parish, I have drifted for hours in the loving tension called bass-fishing.

It was there on a dateless late summer afternoon in an anonymous cut-off playing out a fly-line that I came to realize I could not hold with St. Paul as to the fallenness of all creation. On that day, amidst that incredible richness and verdancy, poised in a bateau over literally wine-dark water, I saw that the world was good, as it should be, in the awful burgeoning rhythms and polyphony of life and death. That which was in conflict was in agreement with itself. The only entity capable of sin or crime or cruelty or of that great Greek failing, *Harmartia*, "missing the mark," was... me.

That slight crispness at evening in September or October that tells of the year's ending. The chill distant beloved stars on a winter night when a Norther has just blown through; those first leaf-buds we look for and find in March while Minnesota and Vermont are still tranced in deep snow-encrusted slumber; the searing heat of August, its silence, its incredible fecundity that makes one question, experience aside, whether there will ever be another autumn; the rise and fall of the pine-covered North Louisiana land around Nachitoches; the soaring oak and magnolia and cypress and sycamore and cottonwood and sweetgum of the lower Parishes; the vast and unplumbable slash of the Atchafalya swamp that comprises the instep of the Louisiana boot—all of it and the sweet sky above are where I begin any and every investigation of *physis* or *psyche*, because for me, it all starts and will surely end with the land.

Concretely, then, when President Reagan, while still governor of California, observed that when you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all, I cringed. I have been in Marin County and walked amongst the redwoods. I did not see one that resembled another, and surely not one I would gladly hand over to destruction, to be made into picnic tables or fence-planks.

Acknowledging the imprudence and falsetto militancy of the "environmentalists," and the need to provide jobs for human fold in forest and wetlands industries, a Southerner cannot, I think, shrug at a fish-kill or ignore the destruction of a shoreline or the death of a lake from acid rain. Because, despite all the shoddy PR-mongering of "Sunbelt" prosperity and condominium-constructing and paving over good farmland for a Seven-Eleven parking lot, (the very gaucheries Thomas Wolfe attached with such force in regard to his home town of Asheville, North Carolina in *Of Time and the River*) somehow, in some almost-forgotten zone of the soul, to be a Southerner at all calls for a remembrance of what the land has always meant to us, the price our fathers and mothers paid for it—in something other than U.S. legal tender and that "primary experience" most of us from small towns and cities can recall if we close our eyes and recollect.

We fought then—and would, even now, fight not for a political ideology or a manner of distributing goods or some damned fool got up to look like Mussolini or Castro—but for this place, this soil, this South. My South is Louisiana and East Texas, that is where, in the phrase of Professor Eric Voegelin, I had my 'primary experience of the cosmos.'

The Community. The second stratum of human existence that one comes to be aware of is the community. On the land, we live in immediate communion with others. These others will be like us and unlike us, and we will live and grow in terms of the similarities and the dissimilarities as well. We come to understand the distinction between those differences between people which accord with the community's ongoing life, and those which do not.

We learn that every difference is not a crime—and that every crime is not necessarily founded in a difference. We discover a balance of equities in the town or city we live in—or the need for such a balance if the place is to be well-ordered. We find that there is religion—and religiosity; ambition—and greed; a sense of decency—and prudery; a desire for law—and an urge to dominate; a profound love and respect for the past—and sterile nostalgia. We come to realize long before we are grown that the diversity of America, even in a small Southern city, requires a certain kind of sensibility if one is going to be happy and productive and in resonance with the deepest sources of his own being.

When a synthetic community—and every gathering of Americans is that—cannot come to terms with itself, it will be ruled from outside. That is what befell Southern communities in the 1950s. Concrete federal power and abstract federal theorizing, using the occasion of real racial injustice, became a central force in every city and town, and in virtually every aspect of community life. Federal hypocrisy and State hypocrisy met head-on, and the big loser was the very sense of community itself. For, the necessary administration of constitutional justice became the cover for a radical transformation of community reality, a transformation which seems to have even slipped the control of the general government which initiated it.

In Clarksville, Texas, aged blacks and whites have been forced to move between two local public housing projects so that the number of whites and the number of blacks in each projects will be equal. Never mind that both groups protested, and that there were no exclusory laws or enforced practices on the Texas or Clarksville books: It *will* be done, and it *has* been done, and none of the *apparatchiks* of government gives a damn how many elderly people have been rendered unhappy or uncomfortable by their own *diktat*.

Clearly, the outside forces which came to correct the disorder of long-practiced and engrained racial injustices have themselves become the forces of disorder at the level of actual concrete human life.

There is no mystery in this: Rule from a distance, by people having no part in the community, constitutes tyranny *de facto*. Not because the rulers are ill-intentioned, but because they are ignorant of the delicate tuning of each distinct community, and at last have no interest in it. Rule from a distance is abstract rule; the persons ruled become counters, pieces on a board called *Politics*. There are good pawns to be assisted, evil pawns to be thwarted, and the means of doing both are, of necessity, statistical.

Another example of the same debauchery of governance is the treatment of the Mormons a century ago in relation to polygamy—or the more recent mistreatment of the Amish with regard to their schools and educational practice. It is diverting to discuss "the larger American community," or "the global village" but it is mindless to think and act as if those entities really exist in the world and even worse to make use of personal opinions derived from those imaginary things as authority for demolishing or distorting actual human relations. It is one thing to hold that no man should be excluded from a community because of his race or religion; it is another to force human beings into artificial relationships which they neither seek nor desire.

A community is a concrete array of human beings who voluntarily live and work and fail and succeed and love and die in participation with one another with a degree of propinquity and intimacy that links their destinies in a substantial and immediate way. Thus any black citizen of Louisiana or Texas or Mississippi more nearly participates in my community than any white resident of Wisconsin. The "intellectual community," the "cultural community," the "work-related community," for all their relevance in a constantly shifting population, do not possess the degree of reality inherent in a community of human beings living together in Tyler, Texas, or Meridian, Mississippi.

Americans, whatever their situation, are not "the masses" of Marxist-Leninist speculation. They are the *people* of the Preamble of the Constitution, or of the Gettysburg Address, and politicians of the stripe of Jesse Jackson who insist upon referring to them as "the masses" are, likely, over time, to discover the difference. The term "masses" is a direct reflection of nineteenth century materialist rhetoric in which human beings are to be regarded as impersonal entities on the model of classical physics. One uses "force" on "masses" as any scientistic dolt knows. One reasons with, persuades, enters into debate with fellow human beings. People have minds and hearts and souls. They are unpredictable, and those who lead them have to take into account the changing character of the peoples' self-interpretation. "Masses" have no more character than billiard balls: One aims them, strikes them, and they go where they are sent. With matter, force is the first and only means of dealing; with human beings, it must be the last. I think many Southerners are not satisfied with the quality of insight that the present administration has brought to such questions. It is not that the positions are wrong. It is that there seems to be little force behind the positions held, and hardly any new thought or insight at all. Surely, when one hears liberal candidates speak nowadays, it is as if one has entered a Museum of Antiquated Political Ideas, dropped a quarter in the slot, and is listening to the Roosevelt doll going on and on with notions fresh from 1933.

But national conservatives have failed utterly to rearticulate their values in terms of the new contingencies or to find adequate symbols for their expression. Thus the present political debate sounds as if it were taking place within the same museum, the Hoover doll quacking back at his equally vacuous opponent.

Contemporary conservatism at the national level is at least as much a product of corporate interest as of personal principle, and it may be there that

Southerners part from the "conservative mainstream." Most of us, I think, are not given to the corporate mentality. If we are working men, we are, most of us, not devout unionists; if we are businessmen, we tend to be small businessmen, and not overly interested in franchises with 3,000 restaurants serving hamburger that tastes like flannel and eggs scrambled late yesterday. We incline to think that homogenization is all right for milk but downright lethal for people, and we view collectivization as a disgusting aberration of demoralized mobs in failed communities—elsewhere, not here.

"Collective," like "masses," is a word with strong mechanical overtones, and we have little use for such words or such concepts. We prefer "family," or "neighborhood," and a collectivizing IBM or Texaco is not much more to our liking than a collectivizing socialism.

The closer a man is to that primary experience of the land and the water in its solitude and its majesty, the less he is inclined to suppose that his relationship with the community, important as it is, can or should be the ultimate determinant of his life and its meaning. Neither his neighbors nor his job nor his numerous other affiliations should threaten to strip him of his own personality, and when the concerns of the body politic look like becoming the interests of the political corporation, most Southerners become uncomfortable. I have never believed that what was good for General Motors was good for America, and nobody I know believes that, either.

The World. Surely no man in his right mind who has argued the right and wrong of alien things in a Bossier City bar will presume to enunciate a "Southern view" of foreign policy. Except perhaps to observe that there remain a few antique verities stretching from President Washington's Farewell Address to the Monroe Doctrine and that, given the great sea-changes of the past two centuries, the principles must be reviewed, reinterpreted in the light of eclipsed monarchies and the rise of a Russian empire bound together by force.

The closer a man is to that primary experience of the land and the water in its solitude and its majesty, the less he is inclined to suppose that his relationship with the community, important as it is, can or should be the ultimate determinant of his life and its meaning.

I have never held with the policy of "containment" of Soviet ambitions, because an international illness is not best treated by trying to see that it gets no worse. I do not recall that our liberal predecessors argued for the "containment" of National Socialism as it ravaged Europe in the late 1930s and 40s. They rather demanded a "popular front," and more or less got it. Had we stood for "containment," such a policy would, I think, have drawn a line at the edge of the Western Hemisphere and let Europe—and Asia—for that matter, suffer what they must while the Nazis and the Marxists battered each other into rubble. We were not, even before Pearl Harbor, quite calculating enough for that.

The policy many of my neighbors seem to subscribe to is one that would declare our unremitting hostility to and refusal to accept as a permanent feature of the international order a political regime of terrorists and thugs along with their vicious epigones in Eastern Europe who came to power through slaughter, who maintain their control by violence, imprisonment and deceit, and who fear an honest, open election as Dracula fears the cross.

Obviously, direct military force to attain specific political goals is not among our options. We waited too long, chiefly because of the naivete of a generation of liberal oafs who supposed somehow that Stalin was a statesman, that the purge trials of the late 30s represented "people's justice" against crypto-fascists, that the liquidation of the POUM in Spain and the murder of Trotsky in Mexico City amounted to the "regularization" of leftist affairs under the threat of National Socialist Germany.

In any case, the military option, even if it were realistically available, would not be prudent. If the American sense of political reality vis-a-vis the Soviet Union is to be respected, the struggle should be carried out at the level of reality which Marxist-Leninism claims as its own—that of political economics. The inherent paranoia of the Russian nation has, again and again, tipped dominance in the state toward Bonapartism and every such tilt produces further distortions in the Soviet economy. Absent the input of western technology, western food, and vast sums of western credit—guaranteed, at present, by you and me—the Russian empire would, in time, find itself pressing the last drop of economic usefulness out of the poor befuddled bodies of its subjects. And then, the real possibility of a counter-revolution—or evolution—on the model established by China in the last several years.

On the other hand, one is obliged to suggest that if the USSR is the most *dangerous* source of evil in the modern world, it is by no means the only one. I think we do ourselves and our neighbors a continuing disservice in failing to require a certain minimum standard of conduct of those who claim to be our allies. One is humbled to have to concur with the observation of a journalistic pestilence the likes of Anthony Lewis, and yet, symbolically at least, one tends to agree that the military operation in Grenada might well have been matched with a similar visit to Haiti.

I think we are trapped between the peculiar polarities of our idealism, our greed, and our bedrock indifference to the affairs of the rest of the world and, so entangled, our policies are neither forthright nor, it seems, intelligible—even to ourselves. One need only contemplate the bewildering shifts of attitude on the part of the present administration toward Israel in the past two years to illustrate the point.

My problem with what passes for conservatism at the national level today is that, rhetoric aside, I do not see the values that concern me at the root of decision-making.

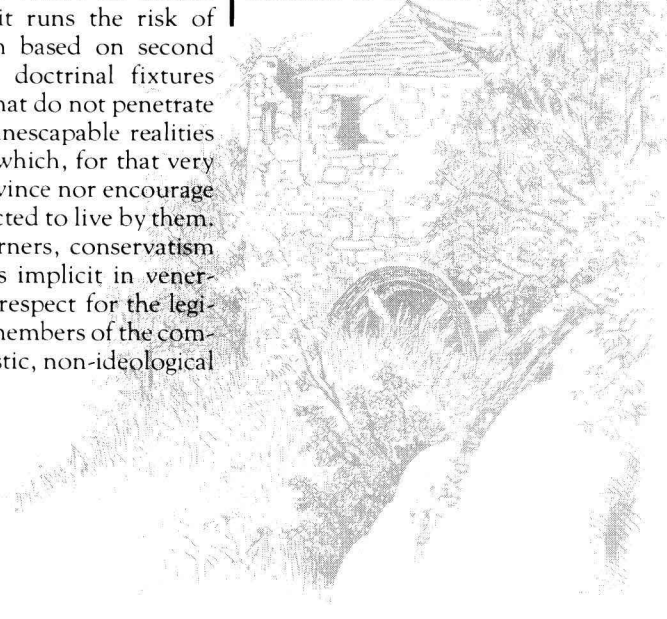
At last, ignoring the blistering problem of immigration policy, the profound question of just where we mean to stand in regard to our Latin neighbors, what natural interests and role we wish to evolve in Asia (aside from chronically unbalanced trade), and what response we might contemplate if, under Soviet pressure and atomic hysteria, the nations of Western Europe ask us to remove our missiles, I think a foreign policy my neighbors and I would approve must be based in decency and common sense. It must recognize the value of cultures vastly different from our own—cultures that are likely to stay that way because they prefer it. It must, at the same time, press genuine and legitimate American interests with less bombast and more effectiveness. It must reward our friends, punish our enemies—and stand ready to accept the transformation of the latter category into the former whenever that seems a realistic possibility—as, one hopes, in the case of China.

I think Southerners do not deny the complexity of modern politics, but I reject the premises of any politics which ignore the various strata which compose the personal reality of concrete human beings. It is likely true to say that geopolitical facts cannot be dealt with as a justice of the peace deals with a neighborhood quarrel. At the same time, a politics which ignores the land, the community, and the world at the elemental level where all human beings experience it runs the risk of fabricating a vision based on second realities—on mere doctrinal fixtures and faddish views that do not penetrate back down to the inescapable realities of human life and which, for that very reason, neither convince nor encourage those who are expected to live by them.

To most Southerners, conservatism refers to the values implicit in veneration for the land, respect for the legitimate rights of all members of the community, and a realistic, non-ideological orientation toward the rest of the world. What is it we seek to conserve? Not ephemeral forms which cannot be preserved, but those relationships which transcend the forms and must be articulated anew within the existential circumstances we find ourselves.

My problem with what passes for conservatism at the national level today is that, rhetoric aside, I do not see the values that concern me at the root of policy and decision-making. Nor do I see an openness to the realization that the substance of values must be sought rather than assumed. A program initiated as "liberal" may, in time, have come to have positive usefulness within a presumably "conservative" context. Conversely, institutions historically understood to foster conservative values may have become radically destructive of them. An example of the first, given the problem of structural unemployment, is a "full employment" plan; an example of the second, given the rise of global conglomerates, might be the contemporary corporate structure.

As things stand, it is likely that most of us will support the Reagan administration in 1984—since, as Churchill said in regard to the democratic form, "All the others are so much worse." But not with glowing enthusiasm, and with no presumption at all that eight years of "conservatism" will bring us much closer to reassertion of those values which, as Southerners, we continue to cherish. ✠



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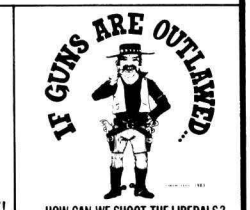

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"Let Your Confederate Colors Show"

Waiting for the End, Boys?

by Warren Leamon

The makers of "The Day Af[ter] ... to believe we are all on the verge o[f] ... uclear zap. The made-for-TV movie, mo[vie] ... ed all over Western Europe, is soon t[o] ... nd. Warren Leamon, who teach[es] ... f Georgia, raises and answer[s] ... questions.

A man's deepest fear is that his own life is meaningless. What better metaphor for that fear than a city destined to become an ancient ruin that no one will ever discover?

My cries heave, herd-long; huddle in a main, a chief-woe, world-sorrow; on an age-old anvil wince and sing.

—Gerard Manley Hopkins

Question: Would you rather live in Orwell's 1984 or in ABC's vision of The Day After the bomb drops?

The question is by no means a new one; it is as old as the debate between free will and determinism. Homer, who lived in a pre-Socratic world which had only the vaguest notion of an after-life, has Achilles in Hades say, "Would that I were only a menial, bound to some insubstantial man who must pinch and scrape to keep alive! Life so were better than King of Kings among these dead men..." For Achilles, existence (any kind of existence) is preferable to non-existence.

Three or four centuries later Socrates, urged by his friends to go into exile in order to avoid death, chooses the latter, saying, "...we must value most not living, but living well." For Socrates, the kind of life a man leads is as important as life itself.

Five centuries later Stephen sets the pattern for all Christian martyrs to follow when he decides that the kind of life a man lives is *more* important than life itself. Faith comes into balance with reason and his death leads to the conversion of Paul and the triumph of the Christian Church. In the space of less than a thousand years, not even a drop in Carl Sagan's evolutionary bucket, Western man rejects Wallace Stevens's "old chaos of the sun" in favor of life as part of a greater mystery.

Now, in the twentieth century, the totalitarian state finally has at its command a technology through which it can maintain its power indefinitely. The personal choice made by Achilles, Socrates and Stephen is still a personal choice we make one by one—but with a difference: our forebears decided not only what kind of life they would lead but also what kind of life their children and grandchildren would lead; we are called upon to decide as well whether our children and grandchildren will live at all.

Question: Does anyone lie awake at night, fearing the end of the species Homo sapiens?

At this time, a couple of months after it ran on television, *The Day After*, as a movie, is of no interest whatsoever. Aesthetically, it was a greater disaster than the one it dealt with. It employed the standard *Love Boat* structure: several plots bound loosely together, in this instance not by a cruise boat or a lottery but by a nuclear war.

From all the hype that preceded the first showing of the movie one can only assume that its main purpose was to scare hell out of us. (We hardly need to be told that a nuclear war is possible or that it would be terrible.) On this score, also, the film failed miserably. One would think, since Marshall McLuhan made the point almost a generation ago, that everyone knows the difference between the cinema and television as media. Why, then, did the makers of *The Day After* try to frighten us with a nineteen inch nuclear blast? Likewise, the scenes of mass destruction and suffering seemed tame indeed to generations raised on *Gone with the Wind*, and documentaries on the Holocaust. The end, with its speculations about next year's crops and the revelation that a nationwide communications network has survived, was downright optimistic. All in all, the aftermath of the nuclear war looked pretty much like the aftermath of a bad earthquake.

What the makers of the film never stopped to ask themselves was the question they should have begun with: what is it that everyone fears about nuclear war? The answer is simple—everyone fears that it will annihilate himself and his family. Even the slightest suggestion that there will be survivors makes a nuclear war similar to any other war and viewers will automatically identify with those who survive. After that, the romance of suffering dominates the imagination; one need only get people who lived through them to start talking about the Depression and World War II to discover just how attractive suffering can be.

Other films have of course handled "the end of the world" more successfully than *The Day After*. Indeed, even nuclear holocaust was dealt with much more effectively over twenty years ago in the otherwise mediocre *On the Beach* (1959). In that movie the last scene, which presents a perfectly intact Australian city devoid of all human life, is far more terrifying in its evocation of the works of man crumbling back into the earth. A man's deepest fear is that his own life is meaningless. What better metaphor for that fear than a city destined to become an ancient ruin that no one will ever discover?

Question: On the day of the nuclear blast in The Day After, why didn't anybody pray?

Of all the warnings that preceded the showing of *The Day After* none was more interesting than that which insisted that children not be allowed to watch it. On first glance, considering what children see daily at the movie house and on television, this seems to have been nothing more than hype (i.e., the warning used in trailers for horror movies). But there was, I think, something genuine in the warning, something very revealing about our world.

In the early 1950s there was another Great Nuclear Scare. I was an adolescent at the time and so I wasn't aware of what was going on out in the great world. (In the evil old days before education got relevant, children's opinions on politics and world affairs were considered unimportant, and we were left to enjoy our childhood; I don't remember a single poll being conducted to determine what grade school pupils thought of the Korean War.) Doubtless Bertrand Russell was leading protest marches and I remember vaguely the cry, "Better Red than dead!" What I remember vividly are air raid drills in the school, the appearance of the Civil Defense logo designating bomb shelters, and...dog tags. I was given one of the little metal discs which contained my name and, I think, my address, and told to wear it at all times.

At first the dog tags aroused considerable curiosity and discussion. We met on the playground and puzzled over the purpose of them. We concluded that we were given them so that, when the Russians bombed our school, authorities would be able to identify our bodies and ship them to our parents for burial. Supporting this interpretation was a strange notch on one end of the dog tag. The notch was there, according to one particularly knowledgeable schoolmate, so that the disc could be used after we were dead to prop our mouths open and allow the gases that build up in dead bodies to escape. Otherwise we would explode and be unidentifiable.

One would think the psychological shock of all this would have warped us for life. Actually, it was all very romantic. We could remember World War II. The dog tags added a realistic touch to our war games; the air raid drills provided a break from the dreary routine of school. Finally the more sexually precocious of us started swapping dog tags with girl friends, and eventually the rest of us lost them at the swimming pool or in the gym. And the Great Nuclear Scare faded.

But not entirely. One night as I lay in bed fingering my dog tag, there came into my mind the image of the school gym strewn with dead bodies, the mouth of each propped open. I was one of those bodies, waiting to be shipped home to my grieving mother. This wasn't the first time I had had such a premonition of death; on our trips to Florida I had seen myself dead by the side of the highway, and before that I had imagined myself trapped in a burning house. But this time something new was added, suggested, I think, by all the talk of nuclear destruction: I imagined my body drifting through space—drifting for all eternity.

The notch was there...after we were dead to prop our mouths open and allow the gases that build up in dead bodies to escape. One would think the psychological shock of all this would have warped us for life.

Eternity. For the first time I seriously considered what the word meant. I can't describe the fear that overwhelmed me, that caused me to break out in a sweat.

In time the fear subsided, but the only lasting defense against fear of the void is faith; without faith we have only life itself, and any kind of life is preferable to oblivion.

I was reminded of that period in my life as I watched *The Day After* because, clearly, the film was made by children of Western Society's youth cult—a film made by adolescents for adolescents. It sought to turn the audience into sweating 12-year-olds and then assure them that life itself is all that matters. So nobody prayed in *The Day After*. Instead religion was represented by a silly preacher just as patriotism was represented by a silly president. That a Lawrence, Kansas, utterly devoid of believing Christians is totally implausible was unimportant to the makers of the film.

Question: In The Day After who started the war?

In 1984 Winston Smith lives in a state which is always allied or at war with one or two other states. What these "wars" (even if they are actually fought) are about has long since ceased to be of any importance; they are used by Big Brother to convince the people that their physical existence is threatened by a brutal alien power.

Though Big Brother uses many other devices to maintain control, all power of the totalitarian state is based on this one principle, that physical life is the only existence we will ever know. And it is only a short stop from this to the belief that the kind of life you are living is the best one possible.

American society has come dangerously close to accepting this base principle. What, for instance, does one make of a state which now allows, as a service for purchase in the market place, an act considered to be a capital crime a few short years ago? Soon the friendly neighborhood abortion chamber will be as common as the movie house or the corner drugstore.

The controversy over capital punishment supports my point: Increasingly we believe that death is more cruel and unusual than a lifetime of solitary confinement. Life, any kind of life, is all that matters.

The producers and makers of *The Day After* insist that their film is not propaganda because it doesn't say who started the war. But of course that is precisely what makes it propaganda. It tells us that no conviction—no belief, faith, moral principle, idea—is worth even the risk of nuclear war. Since the very existence of two nuclear superpowers constitutes such a risk, there are only two logical conclusions: one or both must disarm.

As all of us...turn more and more to the state to solve our problems, we move closer to the ultimate self-deception: that the state will save us, that Big Brother loves us...Though Big Brother uses many other devices to maintain control, all power of the totalitarian state is based on this one principle, that physical life is the only existence we will ever know.

Question: Is it really 1984?

The central dogma of the secular state—analogous to the Incarnation in the Christian religion—holds that individual freedom is the highest good. This dogma is the fountainhead of every other belief, and the state uses it to destroy all other institutions which might command the loyalty of its citizens.

Thus we are told that we must be constantly on guard against the tyranny of religion when, actually, we are about as much in danger of being taken over by Christianity as we are of being invaded and conquered by a flock of mad ducks. It should come as no surprise, then, that of late the family—another institution closely associated with the Christian religion—has come increasingly under attack by the state.

Suddenly we are bombarded with statistics on child abuse, wife-beating and incest. The state, which allows—even encourages—millions of abortions, professes to be shocked and concerned when a mother and father refuse costly and pointless operations for a hopelessly sick child and seeks to intervene and overturn their decision. Husbands are hauled into court for raping wives. And poor and middle class families are forced to send their children to the church of the secular state, the public shool.

While the First Amendment to the Constitution is used to attack religion, it is also used to establish the press as another branch of government, equal to the legislative, judicial and executive. The "people's right to know" (individual freedom again) becomes a justification for every conceivable invasion of privacy and takes supremacy over all other laws and rights. The champions of the secular state tolerate the press because for the most part it is useful to them, particularly in the way it seizes on the unusual and turns it into the norm. Child abusers, wife beaters and incestuous fathers are, of course, atypical; being atypical, they are newsworthy; and gradually, as their pictures appear in the newspapers and on television day after day, the public comes to associate them with ordinary family life. We can all guess the next step: "psychological abuse" of wives and children used to justify yet another intrusion by the state into the life of any family at any time.

Richard Weaver, in *Ideas Have Consequence*, contended that the right to own property is the last defense of the individual against the state. That right has been steadily eroded—through capricious zoning laws, taxation and outright seizure for the "public good"—to the point that the individual holds his property not by virtue of any right, but by virtue of the strength of whatever neighborhood organization he happens to be a member of. The government supports in every way it can the movement toward condominium development and large corporate farms. The fewer landowners you have, the easier it becomes to manage (and confiscate) the land.

Perhaps the most pervasive myth we cling to is the myth of "Constitutional rights." The courts interpret the Constitution in any way they see fit. We need only look at the manner in which the commerce clause has been interpreted and the Tenth Amendment has been ignored to see why the champions of the secular state do not think the Second Amendment any obstacle to their drive for gun control.

Thus religion, the family, private property and even the right to self-defense are all under attack. What is at work here is not a conspiracy but rather a sentimental attitude evolving into a philosophy. In truth, the secular state is but a transition from the old dream of democracy to the new nightmare of totalitarianism.

The Existential philosopher contended that we create God in order to avoid the moral burden of making our own decisions and Existentialism has been used extensively in the attack on religion and family. But as Sartre's defense of Soviet Russia made clear, in the modern world we create the State and place on it the burden of moral responsibility. In fact, the religious totalitarian state, the theocracy, cannot maintain absolute power indefinitely because it is based on a belief in the existence of the soul. When a theocracy becomes tyrannical, it learns that it has created the very men who rise up against it, men who are willing to die for what they believe in. But the secular totalitarian state, based as it is on a belief in the physical as the only reality, can maintain itself for as long as it maintains power over the body. Physical life, remember, is all there is to the thoroughly modern mind.

No, it is not yet 1984 in the Orwellian sense. But that year is not far away. It will come when two things occur: when Western society abandons all institutions in favor of the state and when Russia gains absolute nuclear superiority. As all of us—businessmen, doctors, the poor, lawyers, minorities, teachers, farmers, homosexuals, priests and preachers, beauticians and dentists—turn more and more to the state to solve our problems, we move closer to the ultimate self-deception: that the state will save us, that Big Brother loves us.

I began with a quotation from one of the Terrible Sonnets of Gerard Manley Hopkins. What he confronts in those sonnets is the "chief-woe, world-sorrow." In other words, he confronts loss of faith, the fear that God has abandoned him, that life is meaningless. These are fears the totalitarian state never wants its citizens to confront because they involve realities that lie outside the reach of Marx and Freud and force us to see our lives in the context of eternity. As long as we do not believe that this world is our true country, we can resist Big Brother; but when we come to believe that this world is our true country, then the clock will strike thirteen on the first day of 1984. ⊠

George Orwell's Despair

by Russell Kirk

The author of The Conservative Mind *and* Randolph of Roanoke *brings current his thoughts on* 1984, *first published two decades ago in the* Intercollegiate Review.

WOODCUT BY ROBERT ARIAIL

1984

When Orwell's 1984 was published, that future grim year seemed infinitely remote to me. Now it is upon us; and Ingsoc seems mild, by comparison with the dominations that oppress much of the world today.

Books and essays about George Orwell continue to pour from the presses. Some gentlemen venture to instruct us as to what, were he alive today, Orwell would or would not believe and do—an exercise rather like inquiring, "Were Charlemagne alive today, would he endorse President Reagan?" Ask what songs the Sirens sang.

He was very much a commonsensical Englishman in his detestation of "the streamlined men who think in slogans and talk in bullets." What moved him was an ancient and unreconstructed wisdom of the heart.

And so Orwell's Socialism was that meager and contradictory Socialism which so often pops up upon the Labour backbenches astounded at the bill for nationalizing steel or enraged at petty interferences with Her Majesty's subjects.

Orwell frankly disliked and feared "scientific" Marxists; he sympathized with the confessedly muddled socialism of the ordinary working-man who thought of Socialism simply as shorter hours, better wages, and less bossing about.

More than one critic endeavors to reconstruct Orwell on this or that ideological pattern. But Orwell, despite the passion of his politics, was no ideologue. At bottom, he was an Unreconstructed Englishman. George Gissing, who influenced Orwell more than did any other man of letters, described succinctly, at the time of Queen Victoria's second Jubilee, the commonsensical political attitudes of Englishmen:

> *They have nothing to do with ideals; they never trouble themselves to think about the Rights of Man. If you talk to them (long enough) about the rights of the shopman, or the ploughman, or the cat's-meat-man, they will lend ear, and, when the facts of any such case have been examined, they will find a way of dealing with them.*

So it was with Orwell. He was very much a commonsensical Englishman in his detestation of "the streamlined men who think in slogans and talk in bullets." What moved him was a stubborn attachment to an ancient and unreconstructed wisdom of the heart.

eorge Orwell was a left-wing professional journalist, with some of the faults that unhappy conjunction encourages. Occasionally he wrote hastily and carelessly; he was bitter and arrogant; desiring men to be as gods, he despised them because they had the effrontery to be loud and smelly and stupid. But also Orwell was much more than a left-wing professional journalist. He was fearless, kind, honest, consumingly earnest, and very English. He was the latest representative of the English radical tradition which extends through Langland, Bunyan, Cobbett, Dickens, and Chesterton—a paradoxical radicalism rooted in the experiences and the prejudices of a strong people. In a number of ways—his origins, his poverty, his pessimism, his mingled hatred and pity for the poor, in the subjects of his books—he resembles George Gissing, who died at a similar age of similar causes after a similar life. Orwell's radicalism was that which is angry with society because society has failed to provide men with the ancient norms of simple life—family, decency, and continuity; the sort of radicalism which does not mean to disintegrate the world, but to restore it. Take him all in all, Orwell was a man, and there is none left in England like him...

In *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937) occurs this passage which reveals much about Orwell:

> *Once when I was thirteen, I was in a train coming from a market town, and the third-class carriage was packed full of shepherds and pigmen who had been selling their beasts. Someone had produced a quart bottle of beer and passed it round; it travelled from mouth to mouth, everyone taking a swig. I cannot describe the horror I felt as that bottle worked its way towards me. If I drank from it after those lower-class mouths I felt certain I should vomit, on the other hand, if they offered it to me I dared not refuse for fear of offending them—you see here how the middle-class squeamishness works both ways.*

This reminds one of Swift's disgust with the coarse physical garment of man, and of the same characteristic in Aldous Huxley. We find this loathing repeatedly in Orwell's descriptions of the hideousness of life in *1984*. Influenced by Marxist theory, Orwell attributed this revulsion to his class-consciousness; but I suspect that it goes deeper. Like all true satirists, Orwell was allergic to *people*. He adored the Platonic idea of a man; he could not abide the vulgarity of the flesh. What he really hated about modern society was its ugliness, its monotony, its cheapness, its commonness. These are like the opinions of Ruskin, but they are not the impulses of a typical collectivistic revolutionary.

If Hume was a Tory by accident, Orwell was a leftist by accident. His instincts were more aristocratic than egalitarian; and, like the genuine aristocrat, he held a thoroughgoing contempt for commercialism and crassness. In words like those of George Gissing, he wrote in *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933):

> *In all the modern talk about energy, efficiency, social service, and the rest of it, what meaning is there except "Get money, get it legally, and get a lot of it"? By this test beggars fail, and for this they are despised.*

nd so Orwell's Socialism was that meager and contradictory Socialism which so often pops up upon the Labour backbenches, astounded at the bill for nationalizing steel or enraged at petty interferences with Her Majesty's subjects. Orwell frankly disliked and feared "scientific" Marxists; he sympathized with the confessedly muddled socialism of the ordinary British workingman, who thought of Socialism simply as shorter hours, better wages, and less bossing about. Of such a workingman he wrote in *Wigan Pier:* "Often, in my opinion, he is a truer Socialist than the orthodox Marxist, because he does remember, what the other so often forgets, that Socialism means justice and common decency."

This is the sort of socialism which literary men like William Morris and Cunninghame Graham stood for—a socialism perfectly impractical, hopelessly sentimental, but generous, intensely human, and not unlike Tory radicalism. When a man like Orwell begins to see what State Socialism really must become in the age that is dawning, he writes *1984*, grits his teeth, and dies.

He loathed the Utopianism of H.G. Wells much as William Morris was infuriated at the Utopianism of Edward Bellamy. Orwell despised, indeed, nearly all his fellow-socialists. "The typical Socialist is not," he wrote in *Wigan Pier*, "as tremulous old ladies imagine, a ferocious-looking workingman with greasy overalls and a raucous voice. He is either a youthful snob-Bolshevik who in five years' time will quite probably have made a wealthy marriage and been converted to Roman Catholicism or, still more typically a

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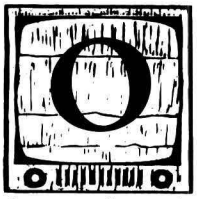
When a man like Orwell begins to see what State Socialism really must become in the age that is dawning, he writes 1984, grits his teeth, and dies.

What Orwell yearned after was not the gray egalitarian future, but old England, antebellum England, England before the automobile and the council-house and the troubles of our times...The past, Orwell thought, was gone irretrievably; and yet the decent people in his books are reactionaries, men who try to turn back to the old ways.

prim little man with a white-collar job usually a secret teetotaller and often with vegetarian leanings, with a history of Nonconformity behind him, and, above all, with a social position which he has no intention of forfeiting."



Orwell's socialism, then, scarcely can be called a position at all, but only an agonized leap in the dark, away from the pain of consolidated, uniform, industrialized modern existence. Orwell was acutely and miserably class-conscious, as perhaps only a poor and puzzled Englishman can be, to a degree most Americans find difficult to understand; he thought of himself always as distinctly middle-class, and he wished he were nothing of the sort. So the best solution which occurred to his mind was the merging of all orders of society into a vast inchoate proletarian body.

What Orwell yearned after was not the gray egalitarian future, but old England, antebellum England, England before the automobile and the council-house and the troubles of our times. His praises of English tradition are almost in the tone of Burke. In *Coming up for Air*, Orwell expresses himself through George Bowling, a lower-middle-class, middle-aged man who tries to revisit the scenes of his youth and finds that the country he knew as a boy has been obliterated by suburbia, and then smashed by bombs:

> *There's a kind of peacefulness even in the names of English coarse fish. Roach, rudd, dace, bleak, barbel, bream, gudgeon, pike, chub, carp, tench. They're a solid kind of names. The people who made them up hadn't heard of machine-guns, they didn't live in terror of the sack, or spend their time eating aspirins, going to the pictures and wondering how to keep out of the concentration camp.*

Bowling praises continuity, and the placidity that comes with acceptance of immemorial ways: "What was it that people had in those days? A feeling of security even when they weren't secure. More exactly it was a feeling of continuity. All of them knew they'd got to die, and I suppose a few of them knew they were going to go bankrupt, but what they didn't know was that the order of things would change. Whatever might happen to themselves, things would go on as they'd known them." And now the world is falling into the hands of "the streamlined men who think in slogans and talk in bullets."

The past, Orwell thought, was gone irretrievably; and yet the decent people in his books are reactionaries, men who try to turn back to the old ways. Little of the past survives for them to recapture—hardly more than rags and tatters of nursery-rhymes, as in *1984*.

As for the present, Orwell found it intolerable. He thought of it as the Great Depression of his early years in England: the dole and massive unemployment. He became a Socialist because he believed (knowing very little about economics) that under "capitalism" there must be perpetual unemployment on a vast scale. Worse than the material privations of life on the dole was the damage done to character; he had known many decent workingmen, he said, who had disintegrated morally after a few weeks or months on the dole: denied work, they felt useless, rejected by society, and fell to pieces. They would not be worth hiring again.

The migrant farm-laborer and the London beggar were the subjects of his second novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935). There has been no truer or more dreadful writing about the lot of the destitute and the outcast. The scene of the derelicts—men and women—in Trafalgar Square at night has the wild power of *Lear*. Yet it is possible to conceive of a degradation worse than this.

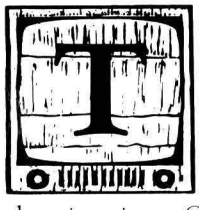
For if the present is Purgatory, the probable future will be Hell. Orwell foresaw the approach of a totalist society from which faith, custom, common sense, justice, order, freedom, brotherhood, art, literature, and even sexual love would be eradicated. The new "socialist" oligarchy would live for the intoxication of brutal power; the administrative and technical people, party members, would live in terror and stupor; the proletarian masses would exist on the level of beasts. This new society never will end, says O'Brien, the *agent provocateur* in *1984*: it will writhe eternally, its energizing spirit the lust for power. Religion will be dead, but materialism will have failed; freedom will have been exchanged for security, and then security will be chucked through a "memory hole" into the central incinerator. O'Brien is candid with his victim Winston:

> *Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopia that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery and torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will grow not less but more merciless as it refines itself. Progress in our world will be progress toward more pain. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded upon love and justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self abasement. Everything else we shall destroy—everything. Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution. We have cut the link between child and parent, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty toward the Party. There will*

For if the present is Purgatory, the probable future will be Hell ... "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."

Just such a culmination of sin is described in Christian orthodoxy. It is called the reign of the Anti-Christ. And it is produced by the intervention of a supernatural hatred, working upon human depravity. It is the overthrow of the normal by the abnormal. It is the apotheosis of Satan.

> *be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. When we are omnipotent we shall have no more need of science. There will be no curiosity, no employment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always —do not forget this, Winston— always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling forever on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever.*



his terrifying passage raises a question; and Orwell did not answer that question. Such a triumph of *pleonexia* is more than conceivable: we see it dominating China's "Cultural Revolution," in which the whole heritage of civilization is denounced and destroyed, and in which the only gratification remaining even to the masters of society is stamping upon the human face. But here is the question: what force or appetite, immensely stronger than human wishes, inspires the ambition to trample forever upon an enemy who is helpless?

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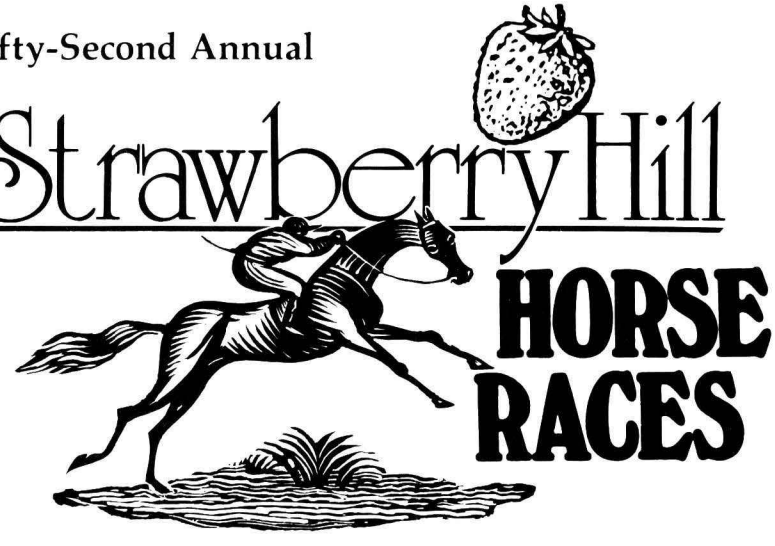
Orwell saw the Church in disrepute and disorder, intellectually and morally impoverished; and he had no faith. He could not say how the total corruption of man and society would be produced; he could not even refer to the intrusion of the diabolical; but he could describe a coming reign of misrule wonderfully like the visions of St. John the Divine. He saw beyond ideology to the approaching inversion of humanitarian dogmas. All the norms for mankind would be defied and defiled. Yet because he could not bring himself to believe in enduring principles of order, or in an Authority transcending private rationality, he was left desperate at the end. A *desperado*, literally, is a man who has despaired of grace.

The politics and the poverty of the future would be indescribably worse than the shabby politics and the grimy poverty of the present age. A few years after Orwell's death, the leader of the vestigial Liberal party announced that he and his colleagues were drawing up a program founded upon "the forward-looking ideas of George Orwell." This he said without a smile or a grimace. It would not be easy to find a more interesting example of the impoverishment of political imagination.

Why do we continue to read Orwell? Not because of his despair; other writers are more systematic and consistent in their profession of hopelessness. Really, the subtle appeal of Orwell to readers of diverse political persuasions is this: his courageous refusal to become a Reconstructed Man. Far from being a Marcher to Zion, Orwell was a defiant survivor from England of yesteryear. (He even saw a ghost in a churchyard, and set down the experience in a long letter.) If Ingsoc never comes to pass in England, the resistance of Orwell and men like him will be the reason why. ⊠

Fifty-Second Annual

Strawberry Hill



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A Partisan Conversation

WITH ARKADY SHEVCHENKO

Arkady Shevchenko is the highest ranking Soviet official ever to defect to the Western World. When he defected in 1978, Shevchenko was Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations and was in his fifth year as Under Secretary General of the United Nations in charge of the National Security Council and Political Affairs. For years he actively engaged in Soviet policy-making on key issues like Soviet activities in Cuba, Africa and the Middle East. He maintained intimate professional relationships with principal Soviet leaders like Khruschev, Brezhnev, Andropov and Gromyko.

The son of a Soviet physician, Shevchenko was born in the Soviet Ukraine in 1930. He was educated at the Soviet Union's premier educational institutions and graduated from Moscow's Diplomatic Institute with a Ph.D. in International Law. After entering Soviet diplomatic service, he published widely on diplomatic subjects and rose to a prominent, powerful position in the Kremlin.

Ultimately, he became disillusioned with Soviet totalitarianism and weary of involvement in the Kremlin's global schemes. One evening in 1978, he walked out of his New York City apartment and went over to the American side. Afraid even to disclose his plans to his wife for fear of her safety, he telephoned her at their apartment only hours after his defection and was startled to learn she was in the custody of Soviet KGB. She was quickly flown to the Soviet Union, where her "suicide" was reported by the Soviet government shortly after her return. Shevchenko is certain she was murdered.

After his defection Shevchenko was sentenced to death by a Soviet court. He spent almost two years undergoing debriefing by American intelligence agencies. Although offered the opportunity to assume a new identity under federal protection, Shevchenko declined, noting that he had defected to find freedom, not to hide under a false name.

President Reagan has described Shevchenko's defection to the United States as "the biggest and most important break-through for us since World War II." This exclusive interview with The Southern Partisan *took place in Washington, where Mr. Shevchenko is writing his memoirs.*

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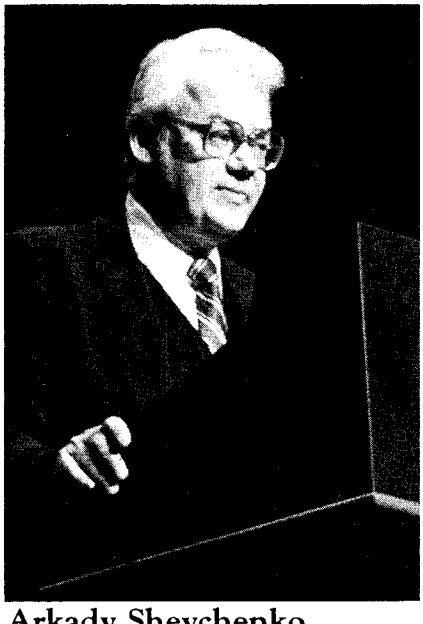

Arkady Shevchenko

PATISAN: There is a lot of talk about nuclear holocaust in the United States today. Under what circumstances would the Soviet Union launch a nuclear attack on this country?

SHEVCHENKO: I think the Soviet Union and Soviet leadership also fear a nuclear holocaust, but they will not launch a nuclear attack against this country unless the generals start the war. Only in a situation where they would be driven to the wall; in a situation where they think that their existence is at stake. That would be the only possibility I could visualize.

PARTISAN: Are the Soviet leaders capable of a surprise attack, unprovoked, on the United States?

SHEVCHENKO: I don't think so, not at the present moment. They understand that the United States is strong, strong enough to retaliate in such a way that everything in the Soviet Union would be destroyed.

But on the other hand, one has to understand the paradox of Soviet policy. They do not intend to start a nuclear war with this country. But at the same time, they provoke confrontation that can escalate out of control and lead to a war, even though war was not a deliberate intention of the Soviet side or the American side. This is the danger of the Soviet policy.

PARTISAN: Can you imagine events which might lead to the Soviets attacking the United States?

SHEVCHENKO: I could visualize only one situation. If the Soviet leadership was given information that the United States is about to launch a nuclear attack. If that was a matter of what Soviet leadership regarded as positive, reliable, irrefutable intelligence, then I think they would strike first.

PARTISAN: Do you think the Soviet leadership believes Americans would launch a first strike, a surprise attack without provocation?

SHEVCHENKO: In their propropaganda, they say this all the time, in the media, newspapers, trying to frighten the Soviet people, telling them that the United States is preparing for nuclear war.

But in fact the top leadership knows that the United States will not attack.

PARTISAN: You were inside the Kremlin, with a closeup understanding of what goes on there. Based on that perspective, what is the best way for the American government to prevent nuclear war?

SHEVCHENKO: Be extremely strong. That is what they understand. That is why they are not now willing to launch any kind of first strike against the United States, because of American strength.

Presently, their global strategy is to reach their objectives without nuclear

war. They realize what nuclear war means.

So the most effective prevention is to be strong, really strong. Make them understand that this nation is so powerful that in a nuclear exchange there would be nothing left.

PARTISAN: So you then would agree with Reagan's view that the best deterrent to nuclear war is a strong American defense?

SHEVCHENKO: Certainly, I could not agree more. Great strength is essential. But for almost a decade now the United States has neglected its nuclear potential. In my view, this neglect could eventually lead to the rethinking of the whole Soviet strategy.

They are not going to launch an attack under the present circumstances, for a while. But if the United States becomes weaker and weaker and weaker, then I cannot say what will happen in ten years or fifteen years.

PARTISAN: Some people are concerned that the Soviet leadership might now be tempted to launch a first strike, believing they could knock out the American arsenal to such a degree that we would not want to retaliate. That's not possible now, in your view?

SHEVCHENKO: First of all, this idea that the Soviet Union has a tremendous superiority is not exactly true. If you compare the Soviet capability and the American capability, you will find an area or two where the Soviets are superior. But one should not think that the United States is now so weak that the Soviets can do whatever they wish. That's why they are not at the present moment planning to attack the United States. Again I repeat, the United States has declined in a number of fields in the past ten or twelve years. If this tendency continues, and I say "tendency," then it could be a grave danger to the United States.

PARTISAN: So an arms race is necessary?

SHEVCHENKO: The arms race is not only necessary. It is inevitable. You cannot stop it. No one can stop it.

First of all, the Soviet leadership will never give up their weapons. You must remember that the Soviet Union is a super power, only by virtue of their nuclear weapons. That is what made them a super power. In most all other respects the Soviet Union is an under-developed nation. Without weapons, they become a small power.

PARTISAN: So their view of the freeze, the proposed nuclear freeze, would be what?

SHEVCHENKO: They are very happy for the freeze situation, because at the present moment they think, in some respects, they are superior. They would be very happy to freeze the strategic arsenals on both sides, and continue to do what they are doing in the world today. They do as they please in Africa and Central America and elsewhere because it is to their advantage. For them a freeze will prevent the United States from becoming strong enough to challenge the Soviet Union in the future.

PARTISAN: So if you had the ability to advise President Reagan about the freeze, you would advise him not to pursue the freeze?

SHEVCHENKO: First of all, we would have to come to a definition. What is a freeze? What are they talking about? Are they talking about the nuclear weapons? Or just the strategical and tactical ones?

You must remember, even the commercial airplane can be used as a carrier of nuclear weapons. So first of all, let us decide what it is we want to freeze.

Now as to engaging the Soviets in talks. Whatever they agree to, if they agree to control or freeze weapons, they will be lying, trying to deceive the whole world in agreeing to a freeze. What they agree to will have no control over what they do. The United States may freeze its military program, but who knows if the Soviets will freeze their own? That is the big question.

PARTISAN: If you were Ronald Reagan, how would you deal with the Soviets?

SHEVCHENKO: In many respects the President is dealing with the Soviets in an appropriate way. First of all, he gave them a strong and clear signal that he will not condone a continuation of ideological warfare with no response from the United States. He let them know that the United States will defend its own ideals. This is extremely important.

Second, he gave them another signal that the United States will be strong, that the United States will not tolerate military action by the Soviet Union and Cuba in the Caribbean and in Grenada. He showed them that the United States will act resolutely and strongly. This is also a very good thing.

On the other hand, I would say that the President and the Administration need a bit more stability in trying to talk with the Soviets. Both nations have to talk. Whether we like them or not. There are issues of importance which require talking. The dialogue should be maintained, perhaps a little bit better than it was, especially at the beginning of the Reagan Administration.

In this regard, already there has been much improvement. There is great improvement now. The dialogue is going on. It is wrong to think that the Soviets don't want to talk. This is not exactly so. The Soviet Union now is in a leadership crisis. They are concerned about their relations with the United States. So I hope some of the meetings will be useful. Perhaps even the media can help. But you must be prepared properly. Go to the meetings, but tell the Soviets that we will not only discuss nuclear war, but that we as Americans also wish to talk about what the Soviets are doing in Poland. We have to tell them we are ready to talk at every level, the media level and the summit level. But we will talk about *all* problems. Don't let them select. The Soviet tactic is to select one subject and ignore others.

PARTISAN: You were at the top of Soviet leadership. You personally knew Khruschev, Brezhnev, and the others. Does the Soviet leadership have a long range worldwide goal?

SHEVCHENKO: Yes, they do. This has been a big misunderstanding in the West, especially among the people who have been dealing with the Soviet Union. The Soviets have never abandoned the final global aim of victory in the competition between two systems. That is their ultimate goal, to win the competition, to enforce their system on the people of the world.

They are not so stupid as to think they can win tomorrow, or in one year or in three years, but they are moving. They are moving. Twenty years ago, someone who said the Soviets would soon gain control in the Caribbean or in Central America would have been called crazy.

They are moving slowly, steadily and are following careful rules for the ultimate victory of the Soviet-style socialism. This is not simply my opinion. Look at the evidence. There is no question about it.

Last month, I was in the Caribbean area and I had a chance to talk with many who live there. People there are deeply concerned. Ask them about the legality of your action in Grenada, whether America was right or wrong.

All of them said, "You talk about legality and right and wrong, but it is our future, it is our lives, and we see that the Soviets are moving." They were afraid that the tiny island of Grenada had such an arsenal. Cuba is also a small nation with more tanks than any nation in the whole hemisphere except the United States. It is a real threat and it is a clear indication whose hand is there. Cubans cannot produce tanks themselves.

PARTISAN: What kind of man is Andropov?

SHEVCHENKO: In one sentence, he is the same as Brezhnev, no big difference. He belongs to the small group of leaders who make foreign policy. I cannot say there is a basic difference between him and other Soviet leaders.

But it was Andropov who transformed the KGB, giving it real power, more than ever before. He is a man whose mentality was shaped by his long work in the KGB, by the long period of time in which he was personally involved, guiding and directing the KGB, doing things I never approved of or wanted to accept. This man cannot change. He has done too much. He was too much involved in so many terrible things, terrorism, political assassinations, the worst things in the world. He was actually on top of all that. I preferred Gromyko to Andropov. But again, I must repeat there is no difference.

PARTISAN: Did Andropov have a hand in the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul?

SHEVCHENKO: As far as I know, there is no clear-cut evidence that the Soviet Union took part in this. Until we see the final results of the investigation, I could only speculate. But let me say one thing: I do not exclude that possibility. The KGB has a long record of terrorism. They have been involved in political assassinations all over the world. And they have a reason to fear the Pope. If the Soviet leadership were to make a list of those they would like to eliminate, the Pope would be number one.

PARTISAN: Why?

SHEVCHENKO: Because the Pope is so important to the Polish nation. His worth to the people of Poland has such an impact that it undermines both the Communist Party of Poland and the Soviet Union. The Polish people will fight for him.

PARTISAN: And the Soviets are afraid of that?

SHEVCHENKO: The Soviets are very much afraid of that. They know the influence of the Church in Poland. They tried to curtail religious freedoms through political action, but they failed totally.

PARTISAN: Do you think Andropov ordered Korean airline 007 shot down?

SHEVCHENKO: I don't think that's the issue: whether he ordered it or not is unimportant. The important thing to understand is the nature of the Soviet system, not who ordered what.

The Soviet system is not a civilized nation. It is the largest prison on the face of the earth. The leadership wants to maintain the system as a prison, with borders that cannot be crossed. As to the shooting, they reported it to Moscow. I cannot say whether Andropov personally made the decision. Even then in September, he was not well physically. I don't know what his condition was at that time.

They are now trying to correct the situation, spreading the story, the ridiculous story trying to find a scapegoat—the poor pilot. They are saying it was up to the pilot to decide. It was not up to the pilot.

PARTISAN: If Andropov does not recover from his illness, who in your view, will replace him?

SHEVCHENKO: First, I doubt he will recover. Secondly, I don't think it will be a single leader immediately who will replace him as the established leader. It will be a group of people managing the affairs of the state like they are managing now. A group will continue, perhaps with one who will become a general secretary of the party, another president of the Soviet Union. Then, in a few years perhaps someone will emerge who will become a real leader. But for now, no one will be a strong leader. Andropov is not a strong leader. He is a spokesman for the group. The Soviet Union has not produced a strong leader since 1977. Breshnev was actually on his deathbed most of that time.

Andropov was an internal man. At the present moment, they have no one, only old men in leadership. So we must deal with the leadership as a whole now, and not try to put a strong emphasis on any one man.

PARTISAN: There is concern in this country that the rising generation of Soviet leaders may be even more militant, more dangerous. Is that a legitimate concern?

SHEVCHENKO: No, I don't think it is a legitimate concern. They are not more militant or more dangerous. There are different groups. The new generation should not be generalized as all the same. They are different. Some are more sophisticated, more flexible in dealing with issues. I was a younger member who moved in those circles. I've never been militant. There is nothing in the dynamics of the Russian society that would make the new generation more militant than the present leadership.

One thing I clearly see is that the people who are now coming to power are not very different, people in their late 50s or 60s, more or less the same as the older group. A new mentality may develop in the new generation. It might come. But it will not come before fifteen or twenty years have passed.

PARTISAN: How much underground opposition is there to the Soviet Regime inside the Soviet Union? We hear rumors of plots against the government by workers, by the Ukranians, a sense of revolt perhaps among the Moslems. Is there any organized underground movement against the Soviet Regime?

SHEVCHENKO: If you are talking about a well-organized movement against the Soviet Union, I think that is speculation. Such an organized movement would be eliminated. The Soviet system has sophisticated methods of prevention. An organized movement would be decapitated, eliminated, stopped at the root. The KGB would detect it at the very beginning.

But if you ask whether there is resentment, yes of course. There is much resentment against the system, especially in the Baltic republics. And to an extent perhaps in the Moslem population of the Soviet Union. But nothing is now happening that we should take as a serious threat to the Soviet Union.

The greatest resentment and disappointment in the Soviet Union is with the economy. The system cannot provide a supply of consumer goods, or even food.

Also, there is resentment to the pressures against religion. No question about that.

The Soviet leadership is afraid of any kind of splitting of church groups into denominations—Catholics, Baptists and so on. This, you see, would lead them to be difficult to control. So they officially support the Russian Orthodox Church, which in turn must accept whatever the

government says. What can they do? If they do no cooperate with the regime and the government, there would be more persecution.

PARTISAN: How does the Soviet leadership view the Bible?

SHEVCHENKO: They are afraid of the Bible because much of it goes against the basic doctrines of Marxism. They are, of course, opposed to religion. They do not allow any kind of religious views among the ruling class of the Soviet Union. Circulation of the Bible is restricted as much as possible.

Yet, even though most of the present Soviet population was born after the anti-religious proproganda started, still there are strong religious feelings among the people. So the leadership must recognize this as a fact of life.

PARTISAN: How active is the KGB in the United States?

SHEVCHENKO: The KGB is very active in the United States. Most of the personnel is assigned here. This country is a high priority for the KGB. One of the big reasons is the Soviet need for your technology. Eighty percent of the computer chips now in use in the Soviet Union were produced with Western technology. Can you imagine that? They are stealing the computers which operate the weapons systems.

Also the KGB watches your military performance. They see everything, where the planes go, where they land. It is very easy for them to see what is going on here.

Another important KGB activity is public information, influencing public opinion. They are extremely interested in your media.

PARTISAN: How can the KGB influence the American news media?

SHEVCHENKO: Many ways. Some agents are here illegally. Also American sympathizers are used for Soviet purposes. There is direct infiltration of the mass media.

PARTISAN: Can you tell us names?

SHEVCHENKO: No and I don't know how many. I am sorry to say that the American mass media is infiltrated, but it is true. I can see the Soviet hand in it. But I cannot give you names. It is not the policy of the Soviet Union to give this information to diplomats. They never discuss such specifics with diplomats. But it is obvious and clear. The KGB is well infiltrated in American society, in businesses, in government. The FBI knows all this. And the American press is no exception. The press is not immune to this process.

PARTISAN: Does the KGB have influence within the World Council of Churches?

SHEVCHENKO: Of course they do. Under Gromyko, I was asked to give political advice to the Church. I was invited to attend meetings with people from the Russian Orthodox Church who were very active people who were directly involved with the World Council of Churches. People have been sent to seminaries who are members of the Communist Party, KGB officers who become priests. I know that one, a KGB man, who became an archbishop in the Russian Orthodox Church so that he could be active in the World Council of Churches. His job is to pursue Soviet goals.

I think some of the American church leaders are aware of this now. I have heard stories of serious discontent in America with the World Church Council. Some of your religious groups here have stopped their relations with the World Council. That is good. This is a matter which has got to be brought to the attention of the people in this country. They must realize who they are dealing with.

PARTISAN: So what should American church organizations do if they are now affiliated with the World Council of Churches?

SHEVCHENKO: Stop relations with them. Cut away. Establish a rival organization, another organization more difficult for the Soviet Union to penetrate.

PARTISAN: Some American church members just don't believe that their church leaders would be involved in an organization that supports Soviet revolution. How do you convince them?

SHEVCHENKO: I don't have a ready recipe. They are naive. They don't understand how cynical the Soviets are. They don't understand that the Soviets have no principles, no belief in anything except pursuing their goals. Any other view is a very dangerous illusion.

PARTISAN: A change of subject: why did the Soviet Union invade Afghanistan?

SHEVCHENKO: Several reasons. One was a deep Soviet concern that Afghanistan was becoming hostile to the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union, by policy, seeks a buffer zone along the border, states they can neutralize and control. Afghanistan was among the few not in this safe category. And the Soviets will never withdraw totally. They will leave bases and seek to control the situation. This is a very sad reality for the people of Afghanistan.

Soviets, you see, are not like Americans. You, for example, just left Vietnam. The Soviets are much more daring, more aggressive, more consistent in pursuing their goals. In the United States, under the pressure of public opinion, or for political reasons, your country will stop a war, withdraw. The Soviets will never stop. They will fight forever.

PARTISAN: What is it like in the leadership circles of the Soviet Union? Does the leadership live well?

SHEVCHENKO: They work long hours. But it is very boring and dull, at best. I don't miss it. Party members are forever lying and trying to convince each other of something.

It is business, all business. They spend much time talking about the Party. And there is an enormous amount of work. Remember, they have to control the whole life of the Soviet Union; they have to run things which private citizens run in this country. Human nature makes the Soviet leaders seek power. They have a greed for power. Power is the driving force, gaining total power over other people. This is because the leaders have no other needs, no problems with financing security. Materially, they have everything they want. They don't experience any problems with

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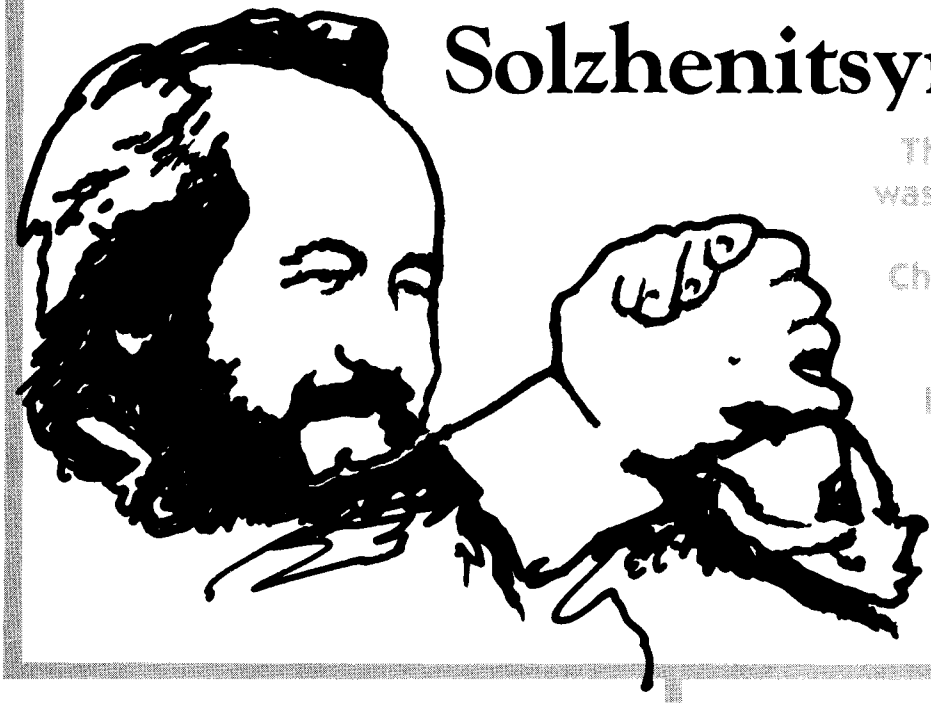
INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY:

Rod Gragg is a native Carolinian, he holds degrees in Journalism and American History and is adjunct professor of history at the University of South Carolina's Coastal Carolina College.

His latest book,* Pirates, Planters and Patriots, *is now going to press with Peacehill Publishers. Next fall, Harper and Row will release another title by Gragg,* The Book of Civil War Tests and Trivia. ***He is currently at work on the history of a major military campaign of the War Between the States.



Solzhenitsyn Speaks

The following address was given by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn to the Chinese people. It was delivered in Taipei, Republic of China, late in 1982 and it is reprinted here with Mr. Solzhenitsyn's permission.

For 33 years, Taiwan, I believe, has attracted, by its specific fate, the attention of many people throughout the world. I myself felt that way long ago. Three score countries have already fallen under the yoke of Communism. Scarcely one of them has been fortunate enough to retain even a tiny patch of its independent national territory, where its state authority could continue to develop despite the disruption, and through comparison show the world the difference between itself and Communist disorganization. In Russia, such a patch of land could have been Wrangel's Crimea. But lacking any external support and abandoned by its unfaithful former allies, it was soon crushed by the Communists. But in China, thanks to a wide Strait, a fragment of the former state became the Republic of China on Taiwan, which, for a third of a century, has proved to the world what heights of development could have been reached if the whole of China had not fallen under the yoke of Communism. Today, the Republic of China on Taiwan differs from the other in its development, its industrial achievements and the well-being of its population, thereby proving how logically the forces of a nation can be guided, if they are not in inimical hands.

It would seem that the population of our planet should clearly perceive such an instructive comparison and should have its eyes opened to see how peoples who escape Communism flourish and how those who fall victim to Communist tenets perish by the millions. The history of Communist destructions in the Soviet Union, Poland and Cambodia are now known to all. The history of the millions destroyed in China, Vietnam, or North Korea is yet to be revealed in detail, but many signs allow us to judge this history even now.

But NO! It is Free China which has had to endure and suffer from the greatest injustices and ignoble attitudes of other countries. The United Nations, long degraded to an irresponsible side show, disgraced itself by expelling from membership the 17 millions of Free China. The majority of countries on our planet treacherously expelled your country from the U.N., whose delegates, adding insult to injury, whistled, jeered and shouted. The majority of Third World countries behaved like madmen who don't know the price of freedom but are themselves waiting for the kick of the boot.

For centuries the Western World has known very well the price of freedom. But with years passing and well-being achieved, it is less and less prepared to pay for it. The Western people value their state systems but are less and less inclined to defend them with their own bodies. From decade to decade, the West has become increasingly senile and unable to defend itself. The betrayal of one country after another had already begun before the Second World War. Afterward, no scruples were felt in abrogating the whole of Eastern Europe just for the sake of the West's own well-being. How easy it was to betray the government of Mikolaychik; how easy it was to withdraw support from one's ally, Chiang Kaischek. And soon we shall witness how one country will betray another for the price of surviving just a little longer. Should it be surprising that the majority of the frightened Western countries are even afraid to sell you weapons for fear of angering Peking? That's how much their drive and concern for freedom is worth. Meanwhile, threatened Europe should understand your position better but is so cowardly that it fails to recognize that the Republic of China and other countries of Asia are themselves endangered. Just recently, the former premier of Japan declared that the arming of Free China would destabilize the Far East! What more can be said?

They are all obsessed with the search for self-protection and the quest for a stand-in. So there emerged an attractive myth—that there are "bad" and "good" Communisms. And out of such a myth grew the image of Communist China as a good-natured peacemaker! But should that be surprising—when in South Korea, which herself survived a Communist assault, there exists a myth that actually the Soviet Union is not directly hostile to them, not so much an enemy, not like North Korea. The South Koreans have also been doing their utmost to curry favor with Peking. Now they are hesitating about whether to give a defecting

The Americans have also succumbed to the general world trend to leave the Republic of China to its perils, to abandon its fate. ...And leading American newsmen reached such heights of stupidity as to write that the United States doesn't make mistakes.

Red Chinese aircraft to Free China.

No, it is not out of shortsightedness, not out of stupidity, that such myths are believed, but out of despair, out of the loss of spirit.

In a particular relationship to you is the United States of America. Up to this day, the United States provides the only outside guarantee restraining the Communists from attacking your island. But how difficult it becomes for the United States to remain faithful to Taiwan; how much has already been lost on the way! The Americans have also succumbed to the general world trend to leave the Republic of China to its perils, to abandon its fate. America moved to abrogate its diplomatic relations with the R.O.C. For what? For what fault of hers? Only to follow the futile Western dream of gaining an ally in Communist China. America has restricted its connections with you, curtailed its military support and is denying you much of what you need.

What pressures have been exerted upon American presidents, urging surrender of Taiwan! Not all of them could bear strain. Here we have a former president, just back from a visit from China, where he flattered his hosts by saying that "a strong Communist China is a guarantee for peace" and that America seems to be interested in a strong Red China. Such people in former years have governed the United States and there is no guarantee that another such person might not succeed President Reagan.

The United States is highly heterogeneous. There are many currents, of which the capitulatory tides are quite powerful. Extremely powerful circles are leaning toward betrayal of a free country in favor of a friendship with a totalitarian one. They gladly picked up the hypocritical offer from Communist China on "peaceful unification." Many American journalists cry from the housetops that Peking is now "bound by promises" to effect unification peacefully. They wanted to forget, and therefore successfully forgot, how many times the Communists have already cheated. The experience of "governments in concert with Communists" in postwar Eastern Europe has taught no lesson. This hopeless experiment now is being conducted in Cambodia. Similarly, according to Kissinger's agreement, North Vietnam was "bound by ceasefire"—until it set the day for the seizure of South Vietnam. And leading American newsmen reached such heights of stupidity as to write that the United States doesn't make mistakes. If Red China "breaks its promise" and seizes Taiwan by force—then—only then—America would be freed from obligations and could again start to deliver arms ...to whom, then?...Yes, such delirium appears on the pages of leading American newspapers, and they don't realize what they are doing!

And thus the influential circles in the United States want to force Taiwan to accept capitulatory negotiations, to relinquish voluntarily its freedom and power.

What, then, does Communist China want from you? Certainly, it is eager to grab your blossoming economy, to plunder and devour it. After all that has happened in the 20th century, only shortsighted simpletons can trust Peking's promises that it will totally preserve your economic and social system, and even your armed forces along with some elements of freedom. But the main issue is not to take away your wealth, to steal the fruits of your hard work. The main thing is that the Communist system does not tolerate any deviation in anything or anywhere. Not even the wealth of your island is important. What matters is the deviation from their system. Communist China hates you for your economic and social superiority. For them it is not permissible that other Chinese should know that there can be a better life without Communism. The Communist ideology does not tolerate any islets of freedom. And so, with all their might, the Communists want to cut off the sale to you even of defensive arms, to try to weaken your defense capability, to disturb your balance of power in the Straits—and thus to bring closer the day of intrusion into your island.

In order to nurture the apathy of the United States, Red China plays speculatively on the negotiations between Peking and Moscow on matters of China-Soviet rapprochement. Such rapprochement is not make-believe. It is a very realistic perspective. Both governments have long had common roots, a fact which everybody seems to forget. As far back as 1923, a Soviet agent, Grusemberg, alias "Borodin," prepared a Communist coup, and it was he who promoted Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai to the highest positions in the party.

All that I am telling you—because of the deadly danger in which you find yourself—is understood well by many, if not yet by all. The threat is understood better here than in South Korea, where the young generation, the students, have quite forgotten the brief horrors of Communist intrusion, so that the present freedom seems to them not enough. But they will remember and revalue their present "nonfreedom" when, after a command "hands back," they are driven under armed guards into concentration camps.

It seems to be fashionable in the West to demand from all who stand in the forefront of defense, under machine-gun fire, to demand the widest democracy, and not just simple, but absolute democracy, bordering on total dissoluteness, on state treason, on the right to destroy their own state and country—such freedom as Western countries tolerate. Such is the price the West demands from each menaced country, including yours. But it seems that on your island the logical limits are known and will sustain your struggle.

There is another danger stalking you. Your economic successes, your living standards and well-being are of a two-fold nature. These are the bright hopes of all the Chinese people. But they also can become your weakness. All prosperous people tend to lose the awareness of danger, an addiction to the good living conditions of today, and consequently lose their will for resistance. I hope and urge you to avoid such a weakening. Don't permit the youth of your country to become soft and placid, to become slaves to material goods, until finally they will prefer captivity and slavery to the struggle for freedom. That for 33 years you lived peacefully does not mean that you might not be attacked in the following three years. You are not a serene, carefree island; you are an army, constantly under the menace of war.

You are 18 millions, about as many as there are Jews in the world, and your problem is of the same dimensions. But the Jewish problem attracts the attention of all states and has become one of the central problems of contemporary times. Comparing this with the uniqueness of your position, I don't perceive why the fate of Taiwan should not command the equal attention of the world.

The strength of the Communists was based on their drive and their cruelty: the weakness of the West was rooted in the absence of the will to fight.

But in today's world betrayal from weakness reigns supreme, and it is only your own strength upon which you can really rely. But there is also one bigger and brighter hope: the peoples of the enslaved nations, who will not endure indefinitely but who will rise in one menacing hour—menacing to their Communist rulers.

In your books you write that your island is a "bastion of national recovery." So be it! Not only defense, not only self-preservation should be your goal—but help, but the liberation of your compatriots suffering on the mainland, and first of all, through free and courageous radio broadcasts.

It may seem, since no one comes to mind, that you have no firm, reliable allies, although they might appear in the hour of destruction. But you have the most formidable ally in the world: one billion Chinese people. Their sympathy is your moral and spiritual support. Just a few days ago, you had an encouraging signal from your compatriots through the act of defection of a Red Chinese air force pilot. Often I think of still anonymous prisoners of the Chinese Gulags whose true story might not be told until the 21st century.

All the oppressed people, including the peoples of the Soviet Union, cannot rely on outside help, only on their own strength. At the best, the whole world would watch indifferently, but possibly with a great deal of relief, if the mad rulers of China and the USSR should unleash war among them. I hope that won't happen. But in any case, let us testify here and now to the mutual amicability and trust between Chinese and Russian peoples, to the absence of contradictions amongst them; even more, let us hope for a union of our long suffering compatriots against both Communist governments. Whatever might happen between these two self-interested, anti-national governments, let us preserve mutual understanding, mutual compassion and friendship; let's not allow them to blind our eyes and deaden our ears through fruitless national hatred.

We don't know how long the plague of Communism will affect our world. One hundred and thirty-five years ago, who would have told the leaders of the then great empires that the tiny group of utopians—Communists who organized themselves in Europe—would conquer them all with iron and blood, and force to their knees their might and pride? They would not even have smiled at such a prophecy. Such forces could not then be seen anywhere. The strength of the Communists was based on their drive and their cruelty; the weakness of the West was rooted in the absence of the will to fight.

We don't know what whimsical zigzags human history will follow. I have already expressed a supposition that world Communism will outlive both Soviet and Chinese Communists regimes and spread over other countries, many of which are still eager to experience Communism. But in our two countries national and common sense shall finally prevail!

Anyway, both our peoples have suffered too much, lost too much! They are already moving along the way of liberation and recovery! ⊠

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Civil War in 1984?

The Public Orthodoxy Revisted

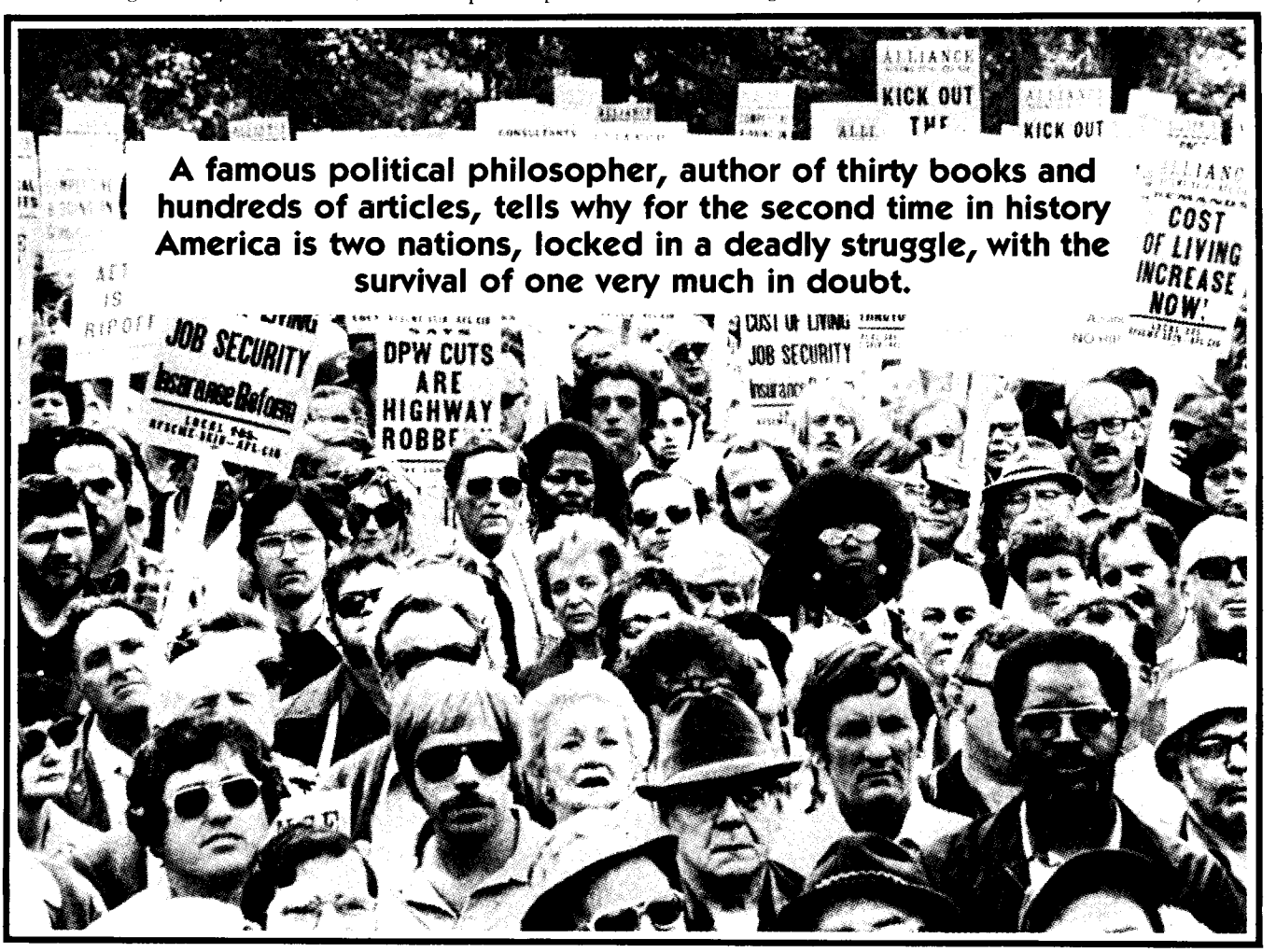
by

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

A number of years ago I coined the term "public orthodoxy." By public orthodoxy I meant then, and mean now, whatever it might be that forges what otherwise would be an "aggregate of men" into a "community," stamping them with a seal of identity, annealing them into a corporate unity. Public orthodoxy makes a regime.

Enter the *Freistadt Bayern*, "The Free State of Bavaria," as signs proudly proclaim on the frontier, and a discerning man with an historical and aesthetic imagination is aware that he is sniffing an air that is uniquely its own. Bavarians, taken in the large and by the handful, are not like Prussians; and Prussians are not like Bavarians. Cross the Mediterranean from Italy to Spain, and—despite a common Latin origin and religion—a man is aware that he has moved from one order of things to another. Public orthodoxy is to the political what the principle of contradiction is to the metaphysical order. The very presence of an orthodoxy is either sensed intuitively or it is missed. Always a synthesis, a public orthodoxy cannot be merely reduced to its analytic components. No regime can ever be deduced rationally from a set of principles because each public orthodoxy is *sui generis*. The best that a political philosopher can do is sketch generically the elements going into all public orthodoxies.

The goal of this essay is to assess the American orthodoxy today in these declining years of the twentieth century. Generally considered, a political society is made up of a variety: geography; climate; language; ethnic origins; folk art; a moral code more or less honored in practice (but always honored publicly) and in theory; a network of political institutions accepted implicitly as legitimate by the bulk of the population; a common history; religion. Quite evidently these factors are not weighed arithmetically; not held in equal balance but in a kind of teeter-totter, main-


A famous political philosopher, author of thirty books and hundreds of articles, tells why for the second time in history America is two nations, locked in a deadly struggle, with the survival of one very much in doubt.
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JOB SECURITY

tained in an often precarious tension. Certain factors predominate whereas others are subordinate.

If one factor overwhelms the rest, the old variety disappears into a monolithic unity and the old orthodoxy gives way to a new one. Possibly the harmony of a string quartet is a good analogue of that kind of political community whose unity is forged out of diversity and whose diversity creates unity. Western man has found liberty in authority, good cheer in a religion that exults the poetry of Christmas and hope for eternity in spading the earth and in thus sanctifying time.

Community, especially the community needed in order to disagree intelligently, is rooted in some underlying convictions held in common by an overwhelming majority of the population. I am not speaking of a fifty-one percent to forty-nine percent ratio but of a majority which is morally universal. Unless some set of convictions concerning what constitutes the good life knits such a large body of men into citizenship, we do not discover a polity but rather either anarchy or tyranny, chaos or the iron fist.

The American political experience has its relatively recent roots in a War of Independence, in a series of documents reposing on a series of convictions, and upon a peculiar confrontation with a world heavily fashioned by a variety of geographical and economic considerations that mark this continent. A New Bedford captain of a whaler had little in common with the owner of a Southern plantation but sufficient in common to identify both as Americans. This nation was to be "under God" but this did not mean precisely what it meant in the Europe that emerged after the religious wars of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. After the Federal Union was established, all the commonly accepted early state republican institutions soon were quickened by a kind of diffused and non-denominational Christianity, suffused by a common morality whose roots were classical but whose trunk and branches were the products of the watering of centuries of Christian living in the old European Christendom.

Fierce establishmentarianism—that, is, a religion officially supported by the government—was common coin in the early years of the Republic, at times a plural establishmentarianism. The Federal Union itself could not be bound by a particular creed because of the diversity of religions that flowered on the western shores of the Atlantic. All of this, I suggest, formed part of the original American commitment to what they considered to be the good life. Each element equally entered the American Thing but not, of course, in equal ways.

The attempt to banish religion from the public forum has been the work of a long line of judges who simply lied. The sporadic, petty, and vicious attempts to sweep city hall lawns clean of Christmas trees and Bethlehem scenes is the mark of a scowling secularism that is bent on removing every lingering vestige of an older Christian order, part of the orthodoxy, that saw religion as distinct but not separate from politics.

The shift in the role religion plays in America is my first instance in a vast sea change in the American Public Orthodoxy.

At the dawn of the Republic, practically everybody, save a few Jews and Freethinkers, was Christian. Mel Bradford has demonstrated in his *A Worthy Company* that a heavy majority of the "Fathers" were Christians of one hue or another, a Chrisitianity often dipped into the cauldron of Enlightenment rhetoric but still Christianity off at the end. A slightly different reading is given us by Donald D'Elia in his *The Spirit of '76—A Catholic Inquiry* where the heroes are Benjamin Rush and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, with Alexander Hamilton redeeming himself with his tragic death. In any event these scholars and others have demonstrated that the superstition of "Separation of Church and State" understood as legal hostility of State to Church was a heresy undreamed of in those years of the Republic, indeed undreamed of until recently. The attempt to banish religion from the public forum has been the work of a long line of judges who simply lied. The sporadic, petty, and vicious attempts to sweep city hall lawns clean of Christmas trees and Bethlehem scenes is the mark of a scowling secularism that is bent on removing every lingering vestige of an older Christian order, part of the orthodoxy, that saw religion as distinct but not separate from politics.

Enough has been written about the banishment of prayer from public schools but not enough has been written about the effort to eliminate all reference to God and the growth of religion in the West from the teaching of history in our schools. This Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark has produced a generation of young illiterates who know nothing of their own past. The American orthodoxy initially was predicated, in part, on a vivid historical imagination—often wounded by infelicitous myths and even downright lies—but an imagination, nonetheless, that told our youth who we were. Today, scarcely one high school youngster in a hundred could map out roughly the great battles of The War Between the States and not one in five hundred knows that *Magna Carta* was written by clerics representing the Church liberties and of barons representing the liberties of free Englishmen. How can a secularist polity claim a blood line back to *Magna Carta* which was a large dose of religion stuffed down the gullet of the State? All of this is not only alien but hostile to the going secularist mood.

Possibly a turning point in the American political experience can be marked by the appearance of John Courtney Murray's *We Hold These Truths*. The Jesuit priest's book must be read in conjunction with Will Herberg's *Catholic-Protestant-Jew*. Today both are period pieces. Both belong to the Eisenhower years, those Fifties rendered nostalgic to an aging population that yearns for an earlier simplicity. Marilyn Monroe and James Dean and the even-then-dying beat of the big bands: that world is dead. But from the angle of our subject the two books mentioned above mark a watershed in the shift of the American political order from a regime vivified by religious convictions to one that is increasingly hostile to them.

Herberg argued that America is basically pluralistic in its denominational structure and that this variety is made up of an open-ended conversation between Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, each bringing to the public forum riches that are in part peculiarly its own and in part common property of all three. All pertain to a common heritage which flowered in a new way here in the United States. According to Herberg, this triad constituted the moral heart of America.

Courtney Murray, taking a different but no means opposed tack, rejected *any* kind of confessionality anywhere and strongly attacked the older Throne and Altar union in Europe. In its place as a bond of social and political unity he interjected the "natural law," a series of ethical rules inherent in human nature as such. The natural law, because it is common to all men, ought to form the cement that binds together this civilized polity. Natural law ought to underpin positive law and natural law ought to orchestrate the multitude of relations that govern human concourse in our

daily affairs. And in fact—Murray's conclusion—this law has *already* been the heart of the American polity: not an established religion; not any supposed intervention by Providence; not any charismatic goal, but natural law.

Much could be said about Herberg's thesis but due to the economy of this essay I shall concentrate on Murray's. The thesis is riddled with historical inaccuracies. Natural law theory originated in the Stoics but was nurtured into fullness in the Roman Catholic tradition. Accepted by Anglicans and others, the theory itself forms no part of the theology of a number of Protestant religions which base their moral standards exclusively on the Word of God, on Revelation. Even when I was reading Murray's thesis as it emerged quarterly in the prestigious Jesuit journal, *Theological Studies*, I had the distinct hunch that I was reading a transposition of a venerable tradition written in Latin to these Anglo-American shores. After all, Murray's specialty, a well-guarded secret, was the Holy Trinity, and he wrote a fat mimeographed tome in Latin on this lofty matter. One day he complained to Willmoore Kendall, "Nobody can teach this stuff in English!" The Jesuit was somewhat (not altogether but somewhat) naive in his confidence that natural law theory was all that engrained in a nation whose roots were basically Protestant.

I hold, with Murray, that natural law indeed *is* natural to all men, but no one can deny that some men do not see that naturalness, especially when the law gets complicated and demands trained expertise. Nonetheless, let us assume that Murray was right, that natural law formed the spinal cord of the American experience uniting men who otherwise differ on ultimate issues. Hypothetically let us grant that this American consensus on good and evil that dominated the American ship of state sailed on a natural law bottom. If it did (I am convinced that it did up to a point but not to the degree thought by Murray), that consensus is now dead. We might date the turning point in the American spirit as pre-Murray and post-Murray. Let the Big Band Era be the point of transition.

The sundering sword has been the abortion issue. A man does not need a doctorate in ethics to know the definition of murder. Less than fifty years ago there was no church in this nation that did not condemn abortion as a hideous murder of the most innocent and indefensible of God's creatures, the unborn child. If there was a state here and there, and there were very few of them, that did not have an anti-

The sundering sword has been the abortion issue. A man does not need a doctorate in ethics to know the definition of murder. Less than fifty years ago, there was no church in this nation that did not condemn abortion as a hideous murder of the most innocent and indefensible of God's creatures, the unborn child.

abortion statute on the books it was because the act was so blatantly evil that it was not thought necessary to formally prohibit it. Not twenty years ago the same consensus, slightly cracked but basically intact, still stood. Today under the impetus of a crusading secularism the Federal Government itself, under the baneful dictate of the courts, has legalized abortion and not even the objection of the President of the United States has thus far been able to alter the mass murder estimated at one and a half million children for 1982. Public morality forms part of the public orthodoxy and is its very heart. There always has been and always will be a discrepancy between standards publicly defended and private violations of them. I am reminded how King Charles II of England and his brother the Duke of York made a rare appearance in the House of Lords to attack a divorce bill on the grounds that it militated against the stability of the family: Both men were notorious womanizers and each had a stable of mistresses! Abortions have always taken place but in Christian lands they were done in back alleys by boot-leg doctors and quacks. The stink of dirty sheets and tiny light bulbs casting their pale glare on the upturned belly of a terrified woman; the insufficiently clean blade of murder; the hurried departure and the whispered exchange of death for money. All this symbolized externally the horror of the crime. But today all is done clinically and out in the open and the crime itself has become less criminal because it is more common, more scientific. There is a story about a Los Angeles doctor specializing in abortion, who washes up every morning before he assassinates some dozen children to the tune of "Bye-Bye Baby."

The legalizing of abortion is not merely an example of the collapse of American morality but it is also paradigmatic of the decay of our older orthodoxy. Probably a very healthy majority of the American people are opposed to abortion but only a small fraction of that majority actively opposes the crime. But the large minority favoring abortion is made up of activists who crusade for their issue. John C. Calhoun knew that great changes in history are always made by active minorities imposing their will on dumb majorities. Setting aside the more central question of the immorality of this act and concentrating on the main theme of these observations, the legal acceptance of abortion and the widespread practice thereof have torn into two the older consensus that united Americans into a body politic.

Abortion is not a secondary issue such as busing or school lunches. Disagreements, as suggested, must take place within a common agreement and that common agreement in matters political is very often moral. Pro-abortionists live in a different country than do the rest of us, even though we inhabit the same space. But is this secession or the imposition of a new order? The pro-abortionists have not walked away from America. They have thus far beaten the rest of us on our turf because they have the courts behind them. To sum up the thesis: Abortion is the central issue pointing to an almost total collapse of the older America and its once commonly shared morality. The business can be summed up in a couple of syllogisms: Moral codes ultimately divide men on what they think of life and death. Pro or anti-abortion are matters of life and death. These moral codes, therefore, cleave us into two. Further, given that the heart of any polity is its moral code, it follows that we no longer have a single polity in the United States of America. We have, at the very least, two. From this we can infer that we have ceased to be a society. Two public orthodoxies, possibly more, govern this land and its adherents are at war. The second Civil War has already begun.

Forty years ago practically nobody thought about homosexuality. Although age blurs memory, I do not think I even knew what the aberration was until I was about sixteen or seventeen years old. Today Gay Rights not only dictate to City Hall in San Francisco but occupy some of its highest seats of municipal power. The same will occur tomorrow in Houston, within the state of Texas which once gloried in its *macho* image. Insinuating itself into the Democratic Party, seeking public acceptance by candidates for the presidency who at this writing agonize over an issue that was closed to civilized discussion until a few years

ago, Gay Rights join hands with Women's Liberation in a massive attack against our traditional understanding of man and woman within the Western world. Homosexuality in the closet is bad enough. Today the monster has come out of the closet and grins its painted face at us in the front parlor. What is significant for our purposes here is not that sin is sin but that sin has gone on television, parading as virtue. The power of government seems incapable of reacting, paralyzed before a movement that puts parades on the street, takes over church buildings, corrupts clergymen, insists on its rights to priestly ordination in matters ecclesiastical and lobbies status in matters political. If America was America fifty years ago, even twenty years ago, then America has ceased to be America. Something new has come into existence.

Adding to this rosary of desolation is the Anti-Nuclear movement. Its leaders have viciously confused the issue. Everybody wants nuclear disarmament under mutual conditions; nobody wants the land to be burned to a crisp in a hideous holocaust. There is no argument on *that* score. But the hawk who would press the button tomorrow is the scarecrow of the Anti-Nuclear propagandist. The argument is a patent lie and what is more important, *they* know it! A noisy and hysterical minority urges upon us political suicide because unilateral disarmament eventually means Russians in New York and in Kansas shortly thereafter. (It is interesting to note that the bastions of abortion, the gears behind the Gays, and the warblers for Women's Liberation all march arm in arm with Anti-Nuclear demonstrators. In many cases they are the same people). When a sizable minority pressing for majority approval seizes on a policy of national suicide, we can only conclude that the Republic is in danger. Should they win, should a policy of national suicide become the law of the land, then America will have ceased to exist as a polity parallel to the way in which a man bent on killing himself ceases to be a man.

I could add to this winter of discontent: the decline of patriotism marking the Vietnam years; the substitution of military heroes by athletes, the return of the gladiator to the football field; the death of decent frugality and the materialism marking the consumer society; the progressive idiotizing of our youth in our public schools. But enough has been said.

A brutal and alarming truth emerges;

There is a story about a Los Angeles doctor specializing in abortion, who washes up every morning before he assassinates some dozen children to the tune of "Bye Bye Baby."

We are no longer one nation, neither under God, nor under anything else. No term exists to describe with philosophical accuracy what has happened; therefore, I take the liberty of inventing a neologism. Like all neologisms this one is not very elegant but it is the best I can think of: We are going through, if we have not gone through, "The Latinization of the United States."

The French Revolution split the Latin world in two, and hence we speak of "two Frances" and "two Spains" and so on. The spiritual horror that gripped Latin Europe and Hispanic America as a result of the destruction of political legitimacy and a public adherence to the Church clove these countries in two. There is no such thing as France today except as a geographical expression and a kind of folkloric pride in things French, including its incomparable language. The same is even more true of the Hispanic world. Two public orthodoxies glower at one another—a laicist, secularist, at times atheist republicanism and a traditionalist and Catholic, often royalist, reaction: Revolution—Counter-Revolution. Political parties do not represent differing political theologies. Indeed, they are galaxies at war. We need only think of Mexico, a profoundly religious nation the head of which is occupied by an officially atheist government whose chief of state gets fabulously rich during his seven years in office by dipping into the public till and then turning over power to somebody else who does the same. Very often the boys are sent to public and atheist schools and the girls to convent schools and thus even the family is split down the middle. I once saw a prominent Communist leader fall on his knees before the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and I do not accuse him of hypocrisy. The tragedy of this nation works itself out within the darkness of his own heart. In Mexico there is no consensus about the good life and man's destiny. In Mexico there is no man's destiny. Royalist districts in France (there *are* some, even now!) often vote Communist as a protest against the going Establishment. In South America the only focus of decent authority is the bayonet of the Armed Forces.

We were spared the French Revolution. Our revolution was more a "reaction back to rights" that the colonists, rightly or wrongly, believed had been violated by the Mother Country. That broad consensus rendered possible a two-party system in the United States. Our party system has worked reasonably well because both major parties agree on ends. Party differences concentrated on means, sharp and opposed means, but means nonetheless. No nation can permit itself the luxury of a two-party system unless it reposes upon a base of mutually entertained convictions that transcend party differences. However, it is important to note, in passing, that for a two-party system to work there must be disagreement about means. Otherwise we degenerate into a Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee state of affairs in which the people have no real choice. The viability of the two-party system rests hence upon two premises: disagreement about means and agreement about ends about the public orthodoxy.

The break-down of the old orthodoxy has "latinized" us. We have drifted into a situation comparable to the one that has dominated our Latin friends for two hundred and more years. Two giant blocks of citizens have emerged, the one on the Left more or less homogenous, the one forming the Right itself badly divided, but two blocks they do remain. They no longer differ merely on means but on ends. On the political level the crucial issue is survival of the nation in the face of the Soviet threat. On the social level the first issue is abortion. Life or death for the country and life or death for the person! Circling within those two spectra are epicycles all of which point to an abandonment of the old orthodoxy and the emergence of a new one: arrogant, ignorant, fanatical, secularist, confident. Should the political quicksilver typifying our two major parties give way to the spikes of ideology marking Latin parties, our parties will come to stand for, not the choice of means to a commonly loved end, but ends that are radically incompatible. Should that day come—possibly it has come(we tend to recognize historical sea changes after the fact)—there will exist two Americas, not one, and American will be pitted against American, a new Civil War. Should the new order emerge victorious, if it has already emerged victorious, then very soon there will be no America at all.

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The Battle of Franklin

by M. Foster Farley

PHOTOS: CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, COOK COLLECTION, VALENTINE MUSEUM

John Bell Hood

Foster Farley teaches history at Newberry College. He tells us that John Bell Hood was a staunch soldier, a man of great courage, who was simply not ready to command the army of Tennessee. Here then is background to that dark day in November when disaster struck...

In May 1864, with an army of about 100,000 men, William T. Sherman began his march to Atlanta. Atlanta was an essential railroad hub as well as a center for much of the South's heavy industries, cannons, powder and other war necessities. Sherman's line of supply spanned 473 miles to the Ohio River, which provided for the needs of his huge army and 35,000 animals for 196 days.

Facing Sherman was the Army of Tennessee, some 60,000 men. Commanding this force was General Joseph E. Johnston, replacement for General Braxton Bragg, who had become President Jefferson Davis's chief military adviser.

When the Northern army moved against Dalton, Sherman surprised Johnston by not attacking the strongly entrenched Southerners. Instead, Sherman threatened to disrupt Johnston's rail communication with the Georgia capital—by passing around Dalton and attacking Resaca from the south. Whenever Johnston prepared for a fight, Sherman stretched his lines further than the Confederates were able to extend and forced Johnston to withdraw.

After a month of this strategem, Sherman attacked Johnston at Kennesaw Mountain in June, but the Yankees were thrown back with the loss of 3,000 men. Foiled at Kennesaw, Sherman then resumed his flanking movements, and by July 9, the Northern forces were six miles from Atlanta.

President Davis, who disliked Johnston (the two had quarreled for most of the war), followed poor advice from Bragg and appointed 33-year-old John Bell Hood to command.

Hood, a native of Kentucky and a graduate of West Point, was 6-foot-2 with a long flowing beard; he had lost the use of one arm at Gettysburg, and one of his legs had been amputated on the battlefield at Chickamauga. He had participated in many battles, serving in turn as a regimental, brigade and division commander in the Army of Northern Virginia. Before Hood succeeded Johnston, he commanded a corps under Johnston. Now Hood had been given an independent command for the first time in one of the greatest crises of the war.

Many of Hood's officers doubted his competence and were lukewarm in their support of this "rash young general." Known as an offensive warrior, Hood did what he could, but he could not halt Sherman's hordes. The Confederates were forced to evacuate Atlanta on Sept. 1, and the Yankees occupied the Georgia capital the next day.

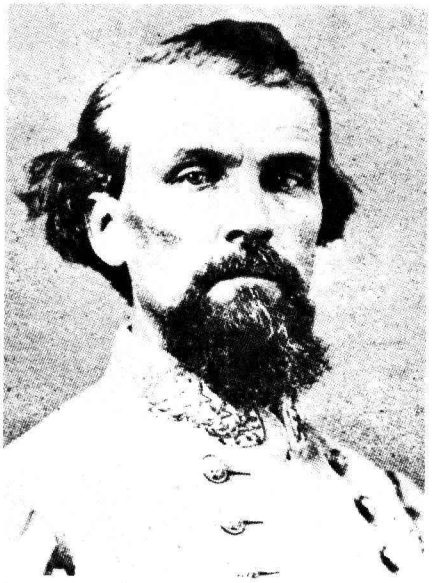
What would Hood do now? Since Sherman's supply line extended many hundreds of miles to the Ohio River, Hood reasoned that if this line was severed, Sherman and his men would be isolated. So in October 1864, Hood and Sherman turned their backs on each other, Sherman and his army looting and raping their way through Georgia and South Carolina, and Hood invading Tennessee.

Before beginning his march north, Hood telegraphed Richmond for reinforcements, but the Confederate authorities replied that "no other resources remain," saying in effect Davis "neither approved nor disapproved" of Hood's battle plan. Hood decided to follow the Tennessee River into northern Alabama and join up with General Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry forces marching south from Jackson, Tennessee. Together they would march into Tennessee, and by this action, Hood believed they would force Sherman to evacuate Atlanta and pursue them.

Hood's planned invasion of the Volunteer State was the most daring gamble of the war. If Union General George H. Thomas and his Tennessee command did not defeat the Southerners, Sherman's march to the sea would turn into the worst disaster of the conflict for the Union.

Hood's grandiose plans for his army called for the defeat of Thomas at Nashville and then the Southerners would invade Kentucky and the Border States. Hood reasoned that his presence in the Border States would give the Copperheads a rallying point. Then the Southern commander and his army would cross the Cumberland Mountains and strike Grant from the rear, thus saving Lee and the South. A fantastic scheme, divorced from reality, but Hood had no alternate plan in mind.

So the Army of Tennessee, 30,509 men, which included infantry, cavalry and artillery, headed for Alabama and a rendezvous with Forrest, with his 3,000



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Later, after the war, General Robert E. Lee was asked who was the greatest soldier in the Southern Army. Lee replied without hesitation: "A man I have never seen, sir. His name is Forrest."

men plus Southern General Henry Rootes Jackson's 2,000 horsemen, which made a "splendid body of 5,000" crack effectives. The next day the Southern cavalry swept forward at the head of the Army of Tennessee in the race to cut off Northern General John Schofield before he could join Thomas at Nashville.

When Forrest joined Hood, his presence could have helped Hood in many ways, but Hood failed to use this great tactician. Forrest was a natural leader; like General Wade Hampton of South Carolina and General Richard Taylor of Louisiana, he had not been a soldier before the war.

As a commander, Forrest was extremely versatile. He could lead infantry as well as cavalry. In the last year and a half of the conflict, he used horses as mounted infantry. This great commander could recruit men when other leaders failed to do so; he could, it was said, "gather supplies in a barren land." The morale of his men at the end of the war was still stiff with courage. Later, after the war, General Robert E. Lee was asked who was the greatest soldier in the Southern Army. Lee replied without hesitation: "A man I have never seen, sir. His name is Forrest."

By the time that Hood had crossed into Middle Tennessee, General Thomas was back in Nashville organizing an army of approximately 50,000 men. In front of Hood, General Schofield commanded two army corps. At Spring Hill, Schofield was outmaneuvered by Hood, and the Confederate commander had a chance to defeat Schofield's whole force. But at the last moment, Hood's strategy became confused. Hood failed to take advantage of his opportunity to crush the Yankees, and the night of Nov. 29, 1864, Schofield's whole army marched by on the turnpike towards Franklin within gunshot range of the Confederate army. At Franklin, Schofield entrenched his forces and awaited an attack by the Confederates.

The morning of Nov. 30 promised to be a typical Indian summer day, with Hood and his generals at breakfast. They ate at the Spring Hill home of Major Nat Chairs. Hood was depressed and annoyed by the failure at Spring Hill. A witness described him as "wrathy as a rattlesnake." He berated his generals, accused his subordinates of neglect, and in "his blind anger, lashed out viciously" at everyone present, placing the blame everywhere except on himself.

The town of Franklin lies south of the Harpeth River. Between the town and Winstead Hill, a tall cedar-covered rise above Franklin and the Harpeth River Valley was meadowland through which the Columbia turnpike ran north and south across the center of the open space. The Lewisburg Pike on Hood's right and the Carter's Creek Road on his left also led to Franklin.

By noon, Schofield's men had entrenched themselves in a large crescent shaped defense in front of and south of the town. General Cox with the 23rd Federal Corps held the left and center which covered the Columbia and Lewisburg pikes. General Kemball's division of the 4th Corps was on the right. Both flanks rested on the Harpeth River. General J. T. Wood's division of the 4th Corps, with some artillery, was moved to Fort Granger (on the north bank of the Harpeth) to guard the wagon trains and cover the flanks, should the Confederates attempt to breach the Northern position. On the North bank of the Harpeth, Northern General James H. Wilson, with his cavalry, took his position to prevent Forrest from attacking the Federal rear. On a slight rise of ground about a half-mile in front of the main Yankee works, Schofield had entrenched two of General D. Wagner's brigades to serve as a skirmish line. They were instructed to remain there until Hood advanced in force, then retire to the main defenses. Inside the Northern battlements was a one-story dwelling known as the Carter house. Between the house and the breastworks was a brick smokehouse and just across the road, a cotton gin.

By 2 p.m., the Confederate infantry began to appear on the rim of the hills south of Franklin. At Winstead Hill, about two and a half miles from the Union breastworks, Hood and his generals gathered to survey the situation. All of the generals except Hood were convinced that it would be suicide to begin a frontal assault across more than two miles of open ground against such strongly held and formidable fortifications.

Forrest, who knew the country better than Hood, protested Hood's plan for a frontal attack. Instead, he tried to convince his chief that he could cross the Harpeth at one of the several upstream fords and flank Schofield from the rear. Lieutenant General Benjamin F. **Cheatham**, in command of one of Hood's corps said, "I do not like the looks of this fight; the enemy has an excellent position and is well fortified." **Major General Patrick Roane Cleburne,** in command of a division in Cheatham's corps, and others advised against a direct attack, believing such an attack would result in a frightful and senseless loss of life. Hood wouldn't be dissuaded.

Cleburne replied, "General, I will take the works or fail in the attempt." And that is exactly what he did—a short time later Cleburne was dead on the field of battle with four other generals.

Cleburne, expecting deadly fire and wishing to expose his men as little as possible, received permission to form his command in three columns of brigades. Hood instructed Cleburne to "move on the enemy" and inform his men "not to fire until you drive the Federal skirmishes from the first line of works in your front." Then "press them and shoot them in the backs... Then charge the main works." Cleburne replied, "General, I will take the works

or fall in the attempt." And that is exactly what he did—a short time later Cleburne was dead on the field of battle along with four other generals.

General Cleburne, called by some the "Stonewall of the West," was a native of County Cork, Ireland, born March 17, 1828. In 1849, he migrated to the United States along with his brother and sister, and was soon employed in a drug store in Cincinnati. By April, 1850, he settled in Helena, Arkansas.

When the War of Northern Aggression began, he enlisted and rose rapidly in rank. As one comrade said of him, "He was indomitable in courage, skillfully headlong in attack, coolly strategic in retreat... a resolute disciplinarian. Cleburne was a gem of a warrior."

The warrior was soon to be sent into slaughter. Hood snapped shut his binocular case and said the Confederates would attack the Yankees at Franklin. Since that ill-fated moment the question has often been asked: Why did he attack in the face of 50 guns and a heavily entrenched Union force? And why didn't he wait for his artillery to arrive, and for Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee, with his divisions? Lee's force would have been of great help in bolstering the thin Confederate line. But Hood could not (would not) wait long enough to make the proper preparations. It was growing late in the day and he felt he must act forthwith. Hood was also peeved at having missed Schofield at Spring Hill, and many are convinced that he sought to discipline his army by means of a frontal assault.

At about 4:00 p.m., a signal flare was fired and the attack began. Looking toward the Northern breastworks, General Cheatham's corps was assigned the center of Hood's attacking force. Cleburne's division to the right of the turnpike, and General Brown's division to the left. To Cheatham's right was General Alexander P. Stewart's corps. Lee's corps had not come up in time to join the battle line—only one of his divisions was at hand and it was held in reserve.

Regrettably Forrest's cavalry was divided and put on the two flanks of the Army of Tennessee. Even before the formal attack began, Forrest threw about 3,000 men north of the Harpeth River and engaged Wilson's force of 5,000. That cavalry battle lasted about an hour, when both sides ran out of ammunition. Wilson later admitted that had Forrest's whole cavalry force advanced against him, "It is possible that it would have succeeded in driving me back."

So the frontal attack began, approximately 18,000 troops with bands playing, tattered colors flying, bayonets glistening in the sun. The men moved over more than two miles of open field towards the Yankee fortifications. One observer captured the moment this way:

> *Startled rabbits fled before the advancing grey line, and coveys of quail took wing from the grass and the waiting Federal troops were for the moment...spellbound with admiration as the Army of Tennessee moved resolutely forward as if on parade. As Hood's line came into range, the Federal artillery opened with canister and shrapnel, but although men dropped here and there as the shells burst, the ranks quickly closed and the advance continued.*

Cleburne and Brown's divisions made the first contact with Wagner's men, which served as an outpost in front of the main Yankee defense line. The Northerners broke and ran helter-skelter over and beyond their own breastworks. Soon the Confederates were in the Northern lines engaging in bitter hand to hand combat. But Cleburne's troops on the right were in trouble, for Stewart's corps on their right had been repulsed, and Cleburne's men were caught in a merciless cross fire. But some of the Southerners made it to the Northern parapet and they jumped down into the trenches and rifle pits with bayonets jabbing and slashing. For the moment, the Union defenders were paralyzed as they watched the Southerners break their line.

Cleburne, in the thick of the fight, had two horses shot from under him. He then moved forward on foot, waving his hat, encouraging his men forward. The last words that Cleburne uttered were recounted by one of his brigade commanders, General Daniel C. Govan. "I was the last one to receive any instructions from him, and as I saluted and bade him goodbye, I remarked, 'Well, General, there will not be many of us that will get back to Arkansas,' and Cleburne replied, 'Well, Govan, if we are to die, let us die like men!' Cleburne's body was found at dawn some yards from the Union breastworks; his boots had been stolen. One Federal soldier said: "I never saw men put in such a terrible position as Cleburne's division for a few minutes. The wonder is that any of them escaped death or capture."

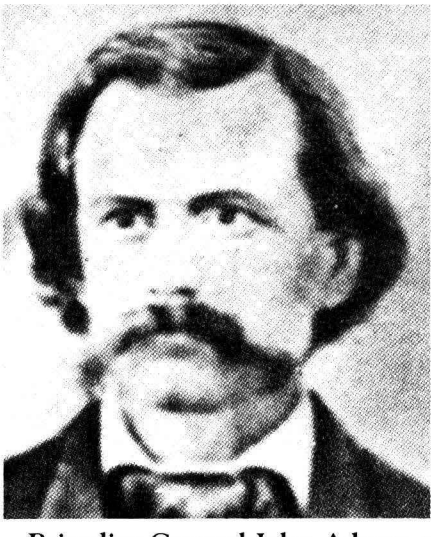
Brown's division suffered a similar fate. They penetrated further into Federal lines than did Cleburne's force, but were driven back by a counter attack of General Updyke's Federal brigade.

The garden of the Carter house, just inside the Union lines, also had its share of the fighting. The Yankee lines were broken by the desperate Southern charge, but a Northern counterattack drove the Southerners back. Confederate General Carter was mortally wounded near the doorstep of his family home; he led a Confederate brigade over the field where he had played as a child.

The fighting continued long into the growing darkness of that short afternoon of Nov. 30, 1864. Some Union defenders insist that they counted thirteen separate Confederate assaults. One Federal colonel wrote long afterwards that:

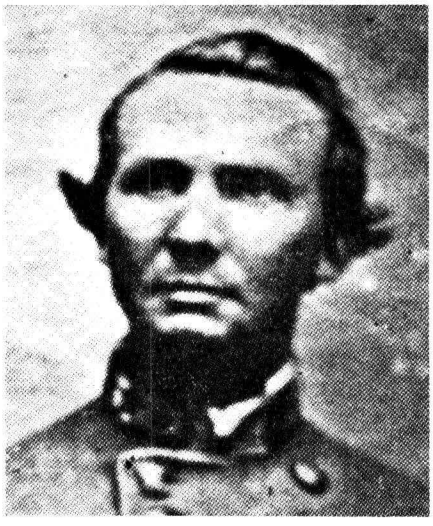
> *It was impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy with which the Confederate soldiers, that short November afternoon, threw themselves against the works, fighting with what seemed the very madness of despair. At some of the earthworks, the press of men was so great, that the dead, having no place to fall, remained in an upright position.*

Six Confederate generals were killed that day. Generals Cleburne, Carter, Adams, Gist, Strahl and Granbury. The next day five bodies of the dead generals lay on the Carter House porch.

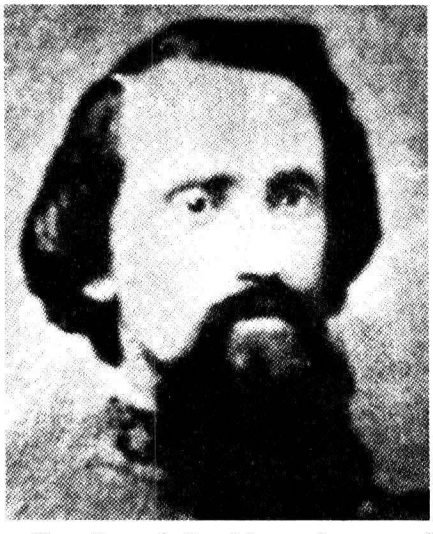


Brigadier General John Adams, a native of Nashville and a 1835 graduate of West Point, was seriously wounded in the arm at Franklin. Refusing to leave the field, he led his men to the Yankee breastworks, which he attempted to jump with his horse. His body was riddled with bullets. He is buried at Pulaski, Tennessee.

Many of Hood's officers doubted his competence, and were lukewarm in their support of this rash young general.



State Rights Gist, whose father had been governor of South Carolina, was a native of Union, South Carolina. He was a graduate of the South Carolina College and Harvard. Attached to Brown's division of Cheatham's corps, he was instantly killed while leading his men against the Union breastworks. Gist is buried in Trinity Episcopal Cathedral churchyard in Columbia, South Carolina.



Otto French Strahl was a lawyer and a native of McConnelsville, Ohio. When the war began he was practicing law at Dyersburg, Tennessee. Attached to Brown's division of Cheatham's corps, he was standing in a moat outside the Federal works handing up guns to his riflemen when he was killed. His last words were in answer to a question of one of his men, "to keep on firing." Strahl is buried at Dyersburg.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy with which the Confederate soldiers, that short November afternoon, threw themselves against the works, fighting with what seemed the very madness of despair. At some of the earthworks, the press of men was so great, that the dead, having no place to fall, remained in an upright position."

John Carpenter Carter, born in Waynesboro, Georgia, was also a lawyer, a graduate of Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee. He was practicing law when the conflict started. Although mortally wounded, Carter lived until Dec. 10, and died at the Harrison home three miles south of the battlefield. He is buried at Rose Hill, Tennessee.

Hiram Bronson Granbury, a native of Mississippi, was a lawyer and a judge in Texas before the war began. He served at Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and participated in the Southern retreat from Chattanooga. Granbury died along with Cleburne, a short distance from the Northern fortifications. Six other generals were seriously wounded in the battle. They were Brown, Cockrell, Gordon, Manigault, Quarles and Scott.

Hood's communication of Dec. 3, 1864 to Confederate Secretary of War James A. Seddon said:

> *We attacked the enemy at Franklin and drove them from their center line of temporary works into the inner lines, which they evacuated during the night, leaving their dead and wounded in our possession and retired to Nashville. We captured 7 stands of colors and about 1,000 prisoners. Our troops fought gallantly. We have to lament the loss of many gallant officers and many brave men.*

Two days later Hood further wrote Seddon that "our loss of officers in the battle of Franklin on the 30th was excessively large in proportion to the loss of our men. The medical director reports a very large proportion of slightly wounded men."

Franklin was one of the bloodiest battles of the conflict (by comparative casualty rates) and has been called the "Gettysburg of the West." Southern casualties were reckoned at 6,200; of these, 1,750 were killed. Even when General Stephen D. Lee's corps arrived Hood had fewer than 18,000 effectives. Southerners suffered more "battle deaths" than the Yankees lost at Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, Shiloh or Stone's River. But Yankee losses at Franklin were also great: 2,326. Of that number 1,222 were killed and wounded, and about 1,000 taken prisoner.

After his loss at Franklin, Hood moved to the outskirts of Nashville and faced Thomas who had 60,000 effectives. When he was ready, Thomas struck the feeble, undernourished and freezing Southerners on Dec. 15, and shattered the Confederate force in the most complete victory by a Northern army during the war. Hood then turned the remnant of his army over to General Richard Taylor, son of former President Zachary Taylor.

Hood lived in New Orleans after the war and died in the yellow fever epidemic of 1879. What was left of the Army of Tennessee retreated from Nashville into Mississippi singing the following song to the tune of their old favorite, *The Yellow Rose of Texas:*

So now I'm marching southward;
My heart is full of woe.
I'm going back to Georgia
To see my Uncle Joe.
You may talk about your Beauregard
And sing of General Lee
But the gallant Hood of Texas
Played hell in Tennessee. ⊠

Independence Forever!

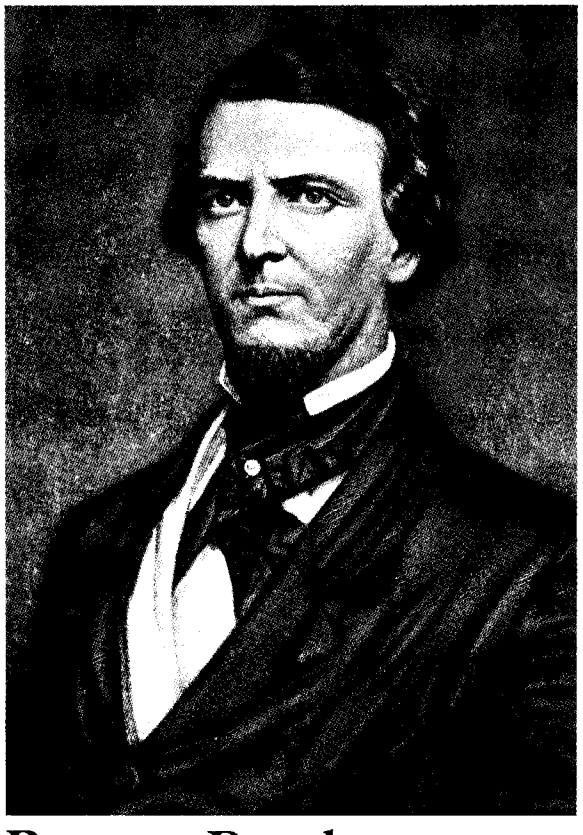
There's no retreat from what I am;
My cause I can't deny.
I won't forsake the truth, the right—
I'll hold fast till I die.
Though hatred crown my head with thorns,
The spirit must be free.
And though I die, still free in death,
Mine is the victory.
Let o'er my grave a banner wave
To call free men together.
Let it read: Independence Forever!
Independence Forever!
Let it read:
INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

Wayne Wall

The Caning of Charles Sumner:

Mr. Hines, a member of the Reagan Administration, tells us how Southerners handle Yankees who don't treat us with respect.

Charles Sumner



Preston Brooks

Blows Struck For The South

by Richard Hines

Every American school boy who has flipped through a high school history text book has seen the above cartoon, originally published in the Northern Press. *Notice the handsome, angelic features given Sumner as he suffers the cruel blows. The inset photographs show how the two men actually appeared. Read below and find out what actually happened. We've all been deceived on that too...*

U.S. Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina was not known as one of the Southern "Fire-Eaters." He had even been accused in his home state of being "a little too national" during the Kansas-Nebraska debates of 1854. Six feet tall and weighing 170 pounds, the 36-year old Brooks was serving his second term in Congress in 1856. Brooks had won many friends in Congress by "his obliging disposition and his conciliatory temper, not less than his cordial and agreeable manners." But above all, as in most Southern political leaders, there was a proud devotion to the South, to his State, an intense loyalty to his family, and a determination to live by the code of a gentleman.

The drama in which Brooks was to play the central role began on May 19 and 20, 1856 when Charles Sumner, a 45-year-old Senator from Massachusetts delivered a

The historical reputation of Brooks has been largely shaped by the distorted image created in the aftermath of the event. Most active in shaping Northern public response were the more aggressive leaders of the Republican party and the anti-slavery movement.

carefully prepared speech entitled "The Crime Against Kansas" in which he assailed the degeneracy of the South and launched a slanderous personal attack on Andrew Pickens Butler, the quiet, elderly Senator from South Carolina.

It is important to note that Sumner's personal attacks were not off-hand remarks made in the heat of parliamentary debate, but rather were carefully planned and incorporated into a speech which ran 112 pages in the printed version.

On the first day—May 19th—the Massachusetts solon and martyr-to-be characterized Senator Butler (who was absent from the Senate at the time) as a whoremonger who had taken "harlot Slavery as a mistress." On the second day of his oration Sumner uncharitably referred to the effects of slight labial paralysis from which the elderly South Carolinian suffered, describing him as speaking "with incoherent phrases, discharging the loose expectoration of his speech..." There was, Sumner maintained, no possible "deviation from truth which he (Butler) did not make...and touches nothing which he does not disfigure." Continuing, Sumner assailed Butler's home State as representative of the South "...with its shameful imbecility. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose less, I cannot say how little, but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas in its valiant struggle against oppression."

In the vehemence of his words, Sumner seemed intent on arousing the ire of South Carolinians. Senator Lewis Cass of Michigan labeled Sumner's speech as "the most un-American and unpatriotic that ever grated the ears of the members of the high body." Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois asked: "Is it his object to provoke some of us to kick him, as we would kick a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?" Even *The New York Times* announced, "We have never considered it at all surprising that he (Brooks) shall have been greatly excited and angered by the terrible invectives of Mr. Sumner, nor that...he should have determined to inflict upon him some mark of personal indignity as a punishment thereof." Brooks later explained that "the assault upon Sumner was not because of his political principles, but because of the insulting language in reference to my State and absent relative."

It was Brooks' stated intention merely to humiliate Sumner, not to "injure him seriously." Thus, he chose for the "chastisement" a hollow walking cane not weighing over 12 ounces, which could and did splinter easily, rather than a formidable weapon. The cane he selected was made of a dark resin called gutta-percha, more recently used as an insulator in electric cables.

"To punish an insulting inferior," the Southern code ruled, "one used not a pistol or sword but a cane or horsewhip." Brooks had instantly rejected the possibility of a duel, both because he knew the Massachusetts Senator would sanctimoniously brush aside any challenge and because, according to the code of the Old South, a duel must be between social equals. Brooks therefore did not wish to dignify the offender.

Having selected his weapon, the day following Sumner's speech, Brooks waited at the Capitol for his arrival. The Senator chose not to attend. On Thursday, May 22, the House recessed early and Brooks walked to the Senate lobby where he waited for Senate adjournment and a confrontation with Sumner.

At 12:45 p.m., most of the members left the chamber. Sumner stayed at his desk perhaps fearful of a confrontation, and with pen in hand continued to frank copies of his "Crime Against Kansas" speech.

With cool self-possession and formal politeness, Brooks entered the chamber and addressed the offender: "Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech twice over carefully," Brooks began in a low voice. "It is a libel on South Carolina, and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine." As Sumner began to rise, Brooks interrupted him with a blow from the smaller end of his cane. Stunned, Sumner covered his head with his arms and Brooks began to rain down blows. "Every lick went where I intended," Brooks recalled.

Rising and staggering forward, Sumner offered an even better target for Brooks who avoided Sumner's outstretched arms and continued to flail away even after the cane had splintered. "I gave him about 30 first rate stripes," Brooks said. "Toward the last he bellowed like a calf. I wore my cane out completely but saved the head which was gold." The entire event had taken place in less than one minute.

The historical reputation of Brooks has been largely shaped by the distorted image created in the aftermath of the event. Most active in shaping Northern public response were the more aggressive leaders of the Republican party and the anti-slavery movement. In their calculated propaganda Sumner emerged as a "blameless and defenseless" advocate of freedom who was "brutally" beaten with a "bludgeon" by "Bully Brooks," the typical "bloodthirsty" representative of a decadent slaveholding oligarchy. Emphasis upon the "vacant chair" caused by Sumner's absence for his three-year "recovery" added fuel to the anti-Southern tirades. The caricature of "Bully Brooks" provided a convenient symbol of the Southerner in the political cartoons of Thomas Nast.

But in the South Brooks found himself a hero. "The fragments of the stick are begged for as sacred relics," he wrote his brother. Charleston, South Carolina merchants contributed to buying Brooks a new cane inscribed, "Hit him again." His constituents in Newberry, at a public meeting on May 24, 1856, voted the congressman a "handsome gold headed cane" and endorsed his action. "Carolina's truest and most honored matrons" wrote Brooks that "the ladies in the South would send him hickory sticks to chastise Red Republicans whenever he wanted them." In Columbia the Governor of South Carolina headed the subscription list for "a splendid silver pitcher, goblet and stick" to be presented to Brooks, and even the slaves throughout the state capital collected money to buy him "an appropriate token of their regard." There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that a group of students from the University of Virginia arranged to send Brooks a cane that should "have a heavy gold head, which will be suitably inscribed, and also bear upon it the device of the human head badly cracked..." ⊠

THE RESTORATION SERIES

He lay on the pallet covered by a single, threadbare blanket. The gnawing pangs of hunger ground his stomach. He had eaten nothing save some thin broth two days before. He looked around at the bare walls and across at the fireplace where the remains of a chair burned with a feeble flame. How much longer could the war go on? When would it all end?

* * *

Who was he? One of Lee's starving Confederate soldiers? A victim of the siege of Vicksburg? An inmate at Andersonville? A casualty of Shiloh, Gettysburg or Sharpsburg? No, none of these, yet he was both casualty and victim of the War Between the States 4,000 miles from the battlefields. The names of Grant, Lee, Davis and Lincoln were as familiar to him as Gladstone and Disraeli. He was a cotton mill-worker in Lancashire, England.

He cared little for politicians or generals; he only knew that the politicians and the generals had reduced him to a pauper. He wished the British government would make up its mind, respond to pressures brought to bear by local members of Parliament and newspaper editors to lift the Union blockade and release cotton from Southern ports. After all, that was what everyone wanted in Lancashire.

The livelihood of the cotton spinning town of Oldham in southeast Lancashire depended upon the supply of raw cotton. Thousands of men, women and children worked in the cotton mills and weaving sheds of Blackburn, Chorley, Bury, Rochdale, and Burnley. But in 1862 the mills were silent and empty, the machinery stopping when the cotton supply ceased. They had no money for rent, food or clothes. Soup kitchens, charities, local poor relief funds and donations scarcely provided enough to keep body and soul together. Some, through pride, were loathe to ask for "charity" as a letter to the *Oldham Chronicle* of May 17, 1862 stated:

> *...We may safely conclude from the members who are receiving indoor and outdoor relief through the agency of the Poor Law, that there are very many more who are pining from want, in homes which are becoming week by week more destitute of furniture and clothing, which is fast finding its way into the pawnbroker's premises, never to be redeemed...*

At first it had not been too bad. There had been stockpiles of cotton which seemed enough to last forever, and the newspapers said the war in America would be over by Christmas. None of the cotton workers had taken very much notice. News of a conflict way across the Atlantic was just another foreign war to the Lancashire working man, informed only through word of mouth (for he could not read). If he had a smathering of education in factory or "Dame" schools, he could stumble through the tight columns of the *Oldham Chronicle.*

What right had Washington to dictate to the cotton growers of the South? Were not the Southern states populated largely by descendants of the British, whereas the North was a hodge-podge of refugees from tinpot European states which didn't even speak English? It was perfectly obvious to the citizens of Lancashire that Britain should support the South.

Throughout the late summer and autumn of 1861 the feeling was one of tolerance. But as time went on the mood changed. There were public meetings about the growing seriousness of the situation. Speakers, providing as much entertainment as edification, drew crowds as large as 12,000 to Tommyfield, the market-*cum*-meeting place of Oldham. They came to hear how the Confederate States of America, in their bid for independence, ought to be supported by the British government. As one local leader put it:

> *We have recognized Italian, Grecian and Belgian independence, and why not in proper time that of the Southern States of America?*

Were not the Southern states oppressed by the North who knew little of their economy, culture and background? The *Oldham Chronicle* thought so March, 1862 in an article entitled "President Lincoln and Slavery":

> *The bunkum respecting the object of the war being the destruction of the "domestic institution" (slavery) of the South is therefore put to an end ...*

What right had Washington to dictate to the cotton growers of the South? The North was simply an empire builder. Were not the Southern states populated largely by descendants of the British, whereas the North was a hodge-podge of refugees from tinpot European states which didn't even speak English? It was perfectly obvious to the citizens of Lancashire that Britain should support the South.

In early December, 1861 in Oldham, there was a public meeting on the "American question" with two representatives from the North. It was amicable and tolerant with the message of, "Wait, be patient and endure the hardships which are to come." Lancashire was anxious to break the blockade but not, as yet, by government interference.

By spring of 1862 the audiences of Northern speakers were sparse or, if not, openly abusive in what had become a hotbed of support for the Confederacy. Yet the Northern spokesmen persisted: Did the Lancashire cotton workers know the conditions Southern slaves endured? Could they not identify and sympathize with the plight of the negro? Had they not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin?*

But the millworkers were not persuaded. Most hadn't read (or couldn't read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*). The Southern slaves were black, totally alien to them. Besides, the millworkers often felt that a remote government in London knew little of their lifestyle and hence, they sympathized with anyone who wanted to rule themselves in their own way. Moreover, the prevailing view was that the war had nothing to do with slavery. Thus, the *Oldham Chronicle* (Oct. 11, 1862) delivered this statement on slavery:

> *The president's proclamation against it is a mere piece of political chicanery of no value whatever...and ...it can do nothing in favour of the north. There are greater principles at stake in this contest—the right of every community to choose their own form of government and to rule themselves, without being forced into an unnatural partnership with states they have no sympathies with.*

The average Lancashire millworker didn't give a damn about slavery, emancipation, the high lifestyle of big plantation owners, the rhetoric of politicians on either side of the Atlantic, the wheeler-dealers seeking vast profits from the war, the Abolitionists, the gun-runners or anyone else. So long as there was cotton coming to Lancashire to get the mills working again, the millworker could have money enough to buy food, pay the rent and get off relief. As he saw it, the simplest way to do that was for Britain to recognize the Confederacy and lift the blockade. It was as simple as that, and that was why the Lancashire cotton millworkers supported the South.

Of course, they weren't the only ones. The cotton mill owners wanted cotton, too. Their expensive machinery was idle; profits were low; workers with nothing to do spelled trouble and gave rise to unrest and discontent. The Luddite years, the Peterloo Massacre and several European revolutions were still fresh in the owners' minds.

They brought pressure to bear through business contacts, commercial and trade meetings, lobbying Parliament and enlisting the support of local newspaper editors. Secessionist support groups and pro-Confederacy associations formed in a major effort to obtain friends and funds in high places.

And there were those to whom a war, any war, was an opportunity to make money—and lots of it. Liverpool, the main cotton receiving port, hummed with secret deals to help the Confederacy. Elaborate plans were formulated to divert funds into the coffers of Jefferson Davis, or ship over Enfield rifles, ammunition and drugs in the guise of Bibles. Wheeler-dealers and underground networks of shady business deals were rife. Fraser Trenholm was one of the best known, but there were others. Liverpool was both port and ship-building center, and the Confederacy needed both supplies and ships. Plenty agreed to supply both—at a price.

The British government didn't want to commit itself. Openly, support for the Confederacy would have suggested approval of slavery. Besides that, there was no guarantee that the South would win—and Britain hated to be caught backing a loser. If, on the other hand, the government supported the North, it incurred the wrath of Lancashire MP's not to mention the possible uprising of thousands of cotton workers who would deem that their government did not care if they starved. So the British government stalled for time, appearing to lean one way, then the other, but maintaining neutrality.

Oldhamers had no such doubts. They had no love for "braggart" Yankees whom they saw as liars and dictators. On May 3, 1862, the editor of the *Oldham Chronicle* echoed the opinions of his readers when he stated:

> *President Lincoln and his coadjutors appear determined to throw all the obstacles in their power in the way of*

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diffusing intelligence respecting the momentous events of the civil war now raging in the heart of their great republic. They are afraid of the true aspect of affairs being known... They would willingly suppress everything unfavourable to their projects and cannot bear an honest and temperate observer amongst them. Hence they have hampered the operations of Mr. Russell, special correspondent of The Times *until he was obliged to return home.*

Three months later that same editor was just as adamant in his condemnation of the Federals:

It must be perfectly evident to all who are not determined to exclude the light from their eyes that, to say nothing about the right of the Southern States of America to secede from their partnership with the north, the Federals have engaged in a struggle which is perfectly hopeless.

Finally, when the war was over, the government eagerly insisted that it had really supported the North all along. Those pro-Confederacy associations died; MP's with Southern sympathies were silent. Eventually cotton was shipped, and the Lancashire mills started up again.

Indeed, it was shrewd thinking to make the cotton workers appear unselfish and altruistic during their enforced idleness. If their potential militancy and hostility to the government during the war could be covered up in favour of the notion that they had willingly suffered through self-sacrifice to help free the slaves, then the history books would indeed have a noble (if untrue) myth to perpetuate.

So the generations have accepted since the end of the War Between the American States that Britain supported the North, if unofficially, and that this support was spread nationwide. It wasn't. Nowhere else was support for the Confederacy stronger than in the cotton towns of Lancashire. And yet, by political maneuvering, those supporters of the South have been misrepresented as supporters of the North.

The author draws personal conclusions...

How then, has it been possible to uncover this well-hidden secret? Primarily through disbelief, (did the cotton workers *really* not mind starving to free slaves 4,000 miles away?) curiosity, (was there nothing written about what the working man thought as well as what the politicians said?), a liking for unearthing little known facts (there are plenty of those!), latter-day support for the Confederacy and direct descent from generations of Lancashire cotton millworkers!

An Oldhamer by birth with no little interest in family history, I was curious to know if my ancestors suffered. Did any of them even die as a result of the "Cotton Famine?" Death certificates stating cause of death as "Wasting away," "Diarrhea," "Internal disorder," "Stomach failure," and "Pthisis"(!) during the period 1862-65 created cause for wondering if they died because of the War, despite such vague Victorian diagnoses.

What then are the tangible remains of Lancashire's sympathy for the Confederacy? Tommyfield, the market-*cum*-meeting place in Oldham, is still there. But who remembers or even knows it was the site of some of the largest pro-South meetings in Lancashire? No longer an open field but covered by market stalls and surrounded by shops, car parks and buildings, it is hard to imagine that it once resounded to the cheers of Oldham's Southern supporters.

Who even notices the plaque on the wall just inside the "Crooked Bullet" pub in Liverpool that states the place was one of the meeting houses for Liverpool's pro-South faction?

Outwardly, 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool, now a non-descript building in a Liverpool side street, has nothing to show for its involvement with the dealings of Fraser Trenholm and the rest.

Still, after over a century of neglect, the story is told vividly by the rolls of the microfilmed *Oldham Chronicle* at the Oldham Public Library. From the first news of Bull Run in the summer of '61 when the "American crisis" first made the editorial columns (albeit in reserved and detached comment) to the following spring when the editor left his readers in no doubt as to where his sympathies lay. Indeed, it is possible to trace the whole course of the war through the pages of the *Oldham Chronicle*.

The reports reflect the day-to-day life in just one of the many cotton towns whose existence was changed by the war; the appeals for financial aid, the plight of the unemployed millworkers, the setting up of soup kitchens and relief charities tell their own story:

Oldham Relief Fund. St. Peter's Ward. The committee begs to inform inhabitants of this ward that a sewing class is being founded and they will be called upon in a few days for contributions for the same such as cast-off clothing, calico, etc.

Thus ran an appeal in the "Public Notices" column on the front page of the November 1, 1862 edition. Not far away was an advertisement for a booklet "National Help for Lancashire" and notice of a concert to be given in aid of the Oldham Relief Fund in the King Street Co-operative Stores Hall.

The twin defeats of Gettysburg and Vicksburg are reported with regret and despair; references to Lincoln and Grant are scarcely flattering. But great excitement followed the "Latest from America" report of July 19, 1862. The

When the Confederacy suffered, so too did Lancashire. There was a bond between the mill-workers of Lancashire and the soldiers of the Confederacy unreported in the history books.

headline: "Reported Surrender of the Federal Army." Here is a portion of the story that followed:

Yesterday morning the town and neighborhood were thrown into a fever of excitement by news that the Federal army before Richmond had surrendered and that Washington was taken by the Confederates. The news came as a telegram from Liverpool, in a brief but decisive form, and the intelligence flew all over the town with the greatest rapidity. It was posted up at the Town Hall steps in this form:

"Per telegram. 1pm July 18. McClellan has surrendered. Washington is taken. Liverpool market paralyzed."

The news was anxiously canvassed and a universal feeling of satisfaction was manifested by all. Some were doubtful as to its truth and feared the story too good to be true; but there could be no doubt that it had been received from Liverpool, and all were anxious to believe... crowds on the street congratulated each other...

But the elation was short-lived; the doubters were wise. It did not take much detective work to realize that the speed of such a telegram was not technically possible. Harder days still lay ahead. Yet the lack of public reaction to this false story showed support for the Confederacy. When the Confederacy suffered, so too did Lancashire. There was a bond between the millworkers of Lancashire and the soldiers of the Confederacy unreported in the history books. The truth does not always go marching on. History books are written by the winning side. ⊠

Miss Grimshaw, a professional librarian employed at the National Reprographic Centre for Documentation (Bayfordbury, Hertford, England), spends her summers touring battlefields in the American South. She recently published her first book,* The Horse: A Bibliography of British Books, 1851-1976 *distributed in the USA by Oryx Press).

Shevchenko continued

public transportation. They don't have ordinary problems like getting tickets to the ballet. They have all that. So power is what fascinates them.

PARTISAN: You have been sentenced to death in the Soviet Union. Do you have concern that the KGB will try to murder you?

SHEVCHENKO: I have no fear. If I lived in fear, then I could not do anything. The KGB may try to harm me. I cannot exclude that possibility. They will do what they do. I cannot prevent it. My best defense is to be public, to be seen by the public eyes. Then if they murder me, everyone would know that it was the work of the KGB. That is my only protection, not body guards.

PARTISAN: Well, you travel throughout the country speaking, you seem to have a mission.

SHEVCHENKO: The truth is the only mission that is left in me. That's why I am here. I want to explain the problems we face in relations with the Soviets.

PARTISAN: Why do you do this?

SHEVCHENKO: I do this because my wife and I want to live for something. We cannot just go fishing somewhere or in a forest and do nothing. All my life I have been doing something I have to. For me and my wife, it is a great satisfaction.

PARTISAN: What is your view of the American South? Is your view different now than it was when you were in Russia?

SHEVCHENKO: Yes, this view is very different from the one I had. I was taught in schools that the South was identified with racism, Ku Klux Klan, the killing of people. I was taught that Southerners were ignorant, uneducated, and so forth. That is the view they put into my mind. For years and years I think a lot of Americans had that same view. Now I have had personal experience. I found that these people, the Southern people, are a great people, well educated, good by nature, a great people. I admire the South.

PARTISAN: You also married a Southerner.

SHEVCHENKO: Yes, I am happy with my marriage. The South has hospitality. ⊠

The Partisan Dictionary

Witches = Hell's belles.

Minorities = An official listing of preferred groups in America. When added together and compared to the total population, they repeat the miracle of loaves and fishes.

Big Brother = Anyone we allow to separate our allowable "preferences" from our forbidden "prejudices".

Freedom = The right to exercise one's prejudices.

Duckspeak = Look it up in 1984. Then listen to any public "free discussion" allowed in society. Then forget it and talk about how dangerous computers are to this lack of inhibition.

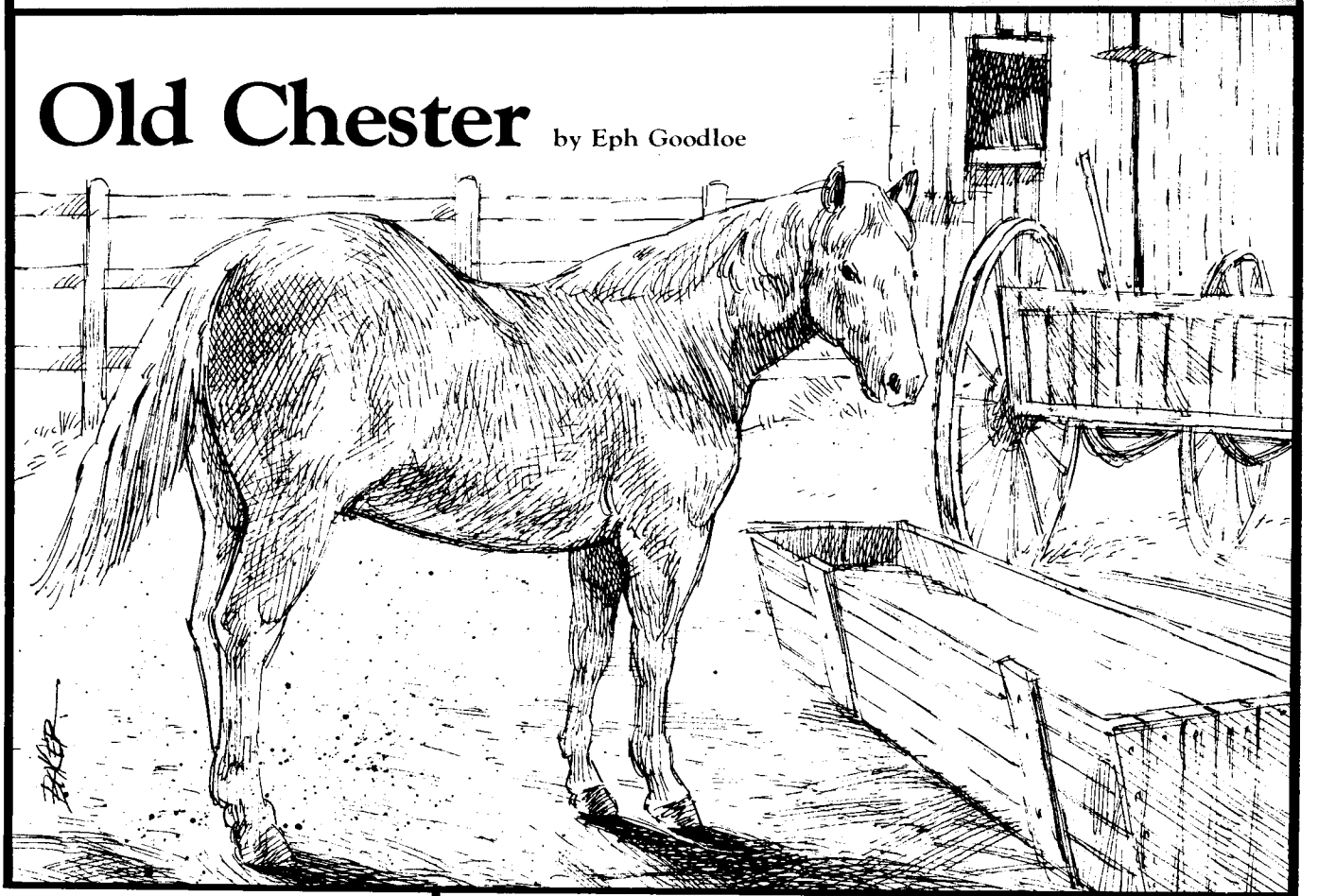
1984 = A 1984 novel in which George Orwell predicted that, in 1984, our rulers would tell us that our "Freedom is Slavery".
He was wrong.
Our leaders do not tell us that.

Robert Whitaker

Short Fiction/Tall Tales

Old Chester

by Eph Goodloe



Chester was a horse. He was a Circuit Rider's horse. These simple statements will inform those who already know that the life of Chester was not an easy one. I think, had Chester been able to quote, he would not have been heard to say very often, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places." For the life of the old Circuit Rider, the life of his wife and his children, and the life of his horse were hard.

My father bought Chester as a colt—unbroken—and he and another preacher proceeded to "break" Chester—and in the time of it Chester came near breaking them, several times. But at last Chester accepted the yoke and for twenty some odd years he pulled, faithfully, the old top buggy wherein rode lord and master and often the wife and the younger ones—packed in that old buggy in every conceivable nook and corner (I always rode on the back of the buggy—and rode there until I was tall enough to see over the top. I have ridden many a weary mile—thus standing asleep! I was real good at it!). And so through the sandy roads of Sumter, Kershaw and Clarendon counties and through the red mud and rocks of Chester, Spartanburg and Abbeville counties Chester dragged out his life and the old top buggy. It mattered not to him where the Bishop sent him—he went—and was faithful.

I think I have never seen two beings (animals) understand each other so well as father and Chester. Each seemed to know just exactly what the other wanted. Father knew every peculiarity of Chester and Chester of father. Those of you who went to church at night back in the country in the days of forty years ago remember what a jamble of horses and mules would be hitched out in the grove. Unless you happened to recall just where you hitched your horse, you might have some trouble locating him. If old Chester was hitched out in the grove—and as soon as he heard my father's voice in the church yard—he would begin a series of subdued "whickers" and would continue them until father came to him.

I know that Chester loved my father. And I know that father loved Chester almost as much as he did any of the rest of the family. Both gave every evidence of this being true.

I recall that one conference they moved us across the state. Father wrote the folks on the new work that he would arrive on a certain date. But they failed to get the letter. And so, one night, after a bitter cold ride, through muddy roads, we arrived at the parsonage about 8 o'clock—hungry, weary, stiff and cold—to find not a soul there! The parsonage was a four room log house, with board window shutters, not a glass in the house! The door was not wood, not a bite to eat and no cover for the beds!

Father went out and broke up rails from the fence and soon we had a bright roaring fire going in the old stick-and-mud chimney. Mother had some few scraps left over from our midday "snack" and this we children ate—but father and mother did not eat one bite—and I know they were hungry.

Then father went out to "put up" Chester. He was gone so long until we began to wonder. When at last he came in, he was all muddy and mother asked him where he had been and he said "I

saw a fodder stack back up the road and I went there to get Chester something to eat." He himself was hungry and weary and cold—but that was alright. Chester must be fed!

Chester was a Methodist. I am almost sure of that. He acted like one. For months and months he would go along a straight path and then—all of a sudden—he would "fall." For he had the bad habit of getting out of the lot about twice each year—and when he did get out it took the combined efforts of the neighborhood to catch him again! I have seen father follow him all the afternoon, with a bundle of fodder in his hand, as a sort of bribe, he endeavored to get close enough to Chester to slip the concealed bridle on his head. And just as father would reach out his hand to grasp him, Chester would wheel, and with an unholy squeal of joy, gallop away with his head flung high and tail over the dashboard (had there been a dashboard available). And I know that if ever in his life father "fell from grace" it was at such an hour and under such stress as this!

There came a day when, because he was old and worn and frail, THEY deemed it best to "locate" my father. The old Circuit Rider had ridden his last ride. Henceforth he must be numbered among those who "only wait." I shall never forget the scene at that humble little parsonage home the night he got back from conference. With face twitching he stood and told us that he was a superannuate! He told it to us just as if he were confessing a great shame that had come to him. Standing thus before us all for a moment—he fell to his knees and hid his face in mother's lap and the sobs shook his poor, frail old body like a great storm. Mother wept with him, and because we children always rejoiced with those that did rejoice and wept with those that wept, we wept, too. But the storm passed and then father put on his hat again and went out to the stable to see about Chester. And I'll bet my last dollar that out there in the quiet and dark of that old stable, he put his arms about old Chester's neck and told him! I know he did!

And because he was no longer a Circuit Rider he could not keep a horse —for he had no money. For several months he did manage to keep Chester but the burden was too great.

Then, one day, father came into the yard after dinner with a strange man. They went on to the lot and after a few minutes they came back and the strange man was leading old Chester—poor, worn, weather-beaten old Chester. And the strange man led him by the well, where Chester took a last drink—and they went out through the gate and down the road. Father stood by the fence and watched old Chester as long as he could see him—until he and the strange man went around the bend. Then father came into the house and he laid that money down on the kitchen table by my mother—and went on into the little room and the tears were swimming in his eyes and he looked so weak and old and lost!

Mother wept in the kitchen as she dried the dishes and the children wept —and that night just at sundown I went out to the stable where through the years I had gone to feed old Chester. Out there by my lone self, a great big 14 year old boy, I laid my head down on the trough and wept like my heart would break.

And home never was like home again with Chester gone. ⧓

Eph Goodloe was the pen name for C.M. Bissell (1877-1934), a southern textile worker who wrote of life in the Saxon Mills village. His "Christmas at Greenpoint" appeared in our last issue.

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Criticus

by William Koon

"Sex Comes to Opryland"

William Koon, a Professor of English at Clemson University, tells us just how far we've sunk (and how far we haven't sunk) into moral depravity, with specific reference to that venerable Southern art form—country music.

Thirty years ago, the Grand Old Opry censored a harmless song called "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It." Hank Williams planned to do the number, but Opry officials balked when they realized the piece included the word "beer." Hank could sing the song, they decided, but the "beer" had to go. Hank obliged, substituted "buttermilk" for "beer" and wailed away with, "My bucket's got a hole in it/Can't buy no buttermilk." And the crowd, pretty familiar with Hank's ways and with the song as well, loved it. That same Opry fired Hank Williams a year or so later.

When Roy Acuff added a woman, Rachel Beach, to his band, he got so much mail complaining about the immorality of a young woman's travelling with the Smokey Mountain Boys that he almost had to get rid of her. Then he got the bright idea of turning one of his band members, Beecher Kirby, into "Bashful Brother Oswald," suggesting that, therefore, no one need worry about any immorality. The virtue of Acuff and his band was never questioned again.

An old time band, the Fruit Jar Drinkers, always changed that reckless name to the Dixie Sacred Singers when they went to the Opry to do religious numbers.

That's how straight country music has been. Songs needed to be about coon dogs, sopping biscuits, hard work, old time religion or trains. The audience was clean-cut, well-scrubbed family. They could stand in line all day in front of the ticket window at Ryman Auditorium without even thinking of rioting. Female performers were gingham wholesome, and if male singers and pickers drank or caroused with a snuff queen or two, they did so out of sight.

Obviously, the scene is changing. Maybe the influence has come from rock and roll, which has always drifted toward the lecherous. Rock bands get famous for their misbehavior, and their songs get attention for their innuendo, much of it related to sex or drugs.

Country seems to be taking that cue. Willie Nelson can sing "Whiskey River." Waylon Jennings can go on about honky-tonk wine and women out in Texas. And Hank Williams Jr. does a tune that goes:

If I get stoned,
I'm just carrying on
An old family tradition.

The Opry would have given Hank Sr. a free ride out of Nashville for that one.

Sex, as a matter of fact, is becoming a preoccupation of country music. Here are a few fairly recent lines:

—Give a man a free hand
And he'll put it all over you.
—I gave her a ring, and she gave me the finger.
—You pretend I'm him and I'll pretend you're her.
—If finger prints showed up on skin,
I wonder whose I'd find on you.
—You must think my bed's a bus stop,
the way you come and go.
— The worst you ever gave me
Was the best I ever had.
—Nothing but the radio on.
Nothing sure looks good on you.

Raunch is pretty much the order of the day; the entertainers are looser and take some pride in being called "outlaws" and in referring regularly to grass, booze and loose women; and the audiences keep pace—a crowd at a Hank Williams Jr. concert in Niles, Ill., last year rioted, and the UPI report called them "drunk and unruly." Ryman Auditorium, formerly a church, you'll remember, never saw the like of that.

For all of its eagerness to cross over into the pop scene and the pop money, country isn't always so easy about misbehavior, especially sexual misbehavior. The subject gets plenty of mention, no doubt. Ruby, I believe, did take her love to town. Dolly has become something of a sex symbol, a truck driver's dream. Helen and Jim Ed sing of spreading the blanket on the ground. And Waylon and Jessie have revived a fine old duet, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky-Tonk Angels," about what makes good girls go wrong.

I'd still claim, though, that Nashville isn't quite ready for the casual sex of pop's "Afternoon Delight," that the Opry probably won't be billing the The Sex Pistols or AC/DC any time soon.

The point is that country still has a morality, even if it's fading fast. If we look carefully at the songs, we find that Jim Ed Brown and Helen Cornelius can spread the blanket on the ground because they are married (at least in the song); Ruby, as she spreads her love over town, is betraying a badly wounded veteran of Vietnam, betraying, in a sense, the country itself.

And if we look carefully at Dolly Parton (which is inevitable), we'll find that a woman who looks a bit vampish really seems capable of believing that babies are found under cabbage leaves. I guess it's the giggles and the taffeta. Whatever, the point remains that country usually punishes bad behavior, and it usually goes to some trouble to justify what may appear to be bad behavior.

A few years ago, Old Hank Williams knew that if he caroused too late, he'd have to sleep in the doghouse. A little more recently, Dolly Parton and Porter Waggoner, who know everything about cheating songs, never stop telling us that sooner or later you get caught at it. If lovers meet "at the dark end of the street," they do so knowing that they are going to be found out. Dolly and Porter know that "slip away today means sorrow tomorrow." Tammy Wynette and George Jones sing of divine justice:

God's gonna get 'cha for that;
There's no place to run and hide
For He knows where you're at.

God moves just as dramatically in a song called "The Party," by Dolly Parton, where Dolly and her husband (Porter Waggoner in the song), go out juking on Saturday night. They warn the kids they leave behind that they will be out late, that they are sure they will not feel like going to Sunday School the next day. But on the way home early Sunday morning, Dolly and Porter hear sirens just as they see the fire. And the song ends:

We took their little bodies to church next day
Though we left the party early,
We still got home too late.

John Calvin would have loved it.

Women of the streets in country music are almost always unhappy. The queen of the Silver Dollar in Shel Silversteen's song may have a lot of barroom admirers but her life is miserable in spite of all the action. Another loose woman who has been picked up too many times tells the cowboy propositioning her:

I'm longing for the high you get in your head
For loving somebody outside of a bed.
When you don't have to touch to get a thrill,
Then you know your love is real.

No happy hookers here.

You'll find too that references to the act of darkness are usually indirect. Barbara Mandrell tells her "friend": "You can eat crackers in my bed anytime." I think I know what she's got in mind, but she makes it sound like they might be getting together for wine and cheese—ir. an odd setting, though.

Whispering Bill Anderson has a nice new one that goes:

I'm a home body
And take my body home to her every night.

He's after some "home-made loving," he says. That's an interesting one. We know what "body" means here, I think—the same thing it means when a singles bar is referred to as a "body shop." But the song throws that sexual reference into a warm and wholesome context—"home body" does not seem to have any sexual reference at all. Because of sadly limited experience, I don't know what "home-made loving" involves, though it sounds interesting. But the implication here is that it's like apple pie and churned ice cream. So the song is talking about getting home fast for some hard country loving, but it's cast in a sort of pleasant and folksy down-home setting, kind of like home cooking. And sex falls into the category with making scratch biscuits.

This mixture of good and evil, sin and retribution, shows up not just in songs but in the singers themselves. A good many of them seem to move back and forth between debauchery and piety. Sin and salvation tug at Jerry Lee Lewis the way they tug at the rest of us, except more dramatically. It's a historical fact that Jerry Lee interrupted recording "Great Balls of Fire" with a long sermon to all gathered there in Memphis at Sun Studio about how the song was absolutely evil and how they were the devil's agents for recording it. Fortunately, Jerry Lee was able to lapse more easily back into his sinful ways after he sobered up. Elvis and old Johnny Cash wore those black suits as if they might be doing a little Protestant penance. Hank Williams wrote honky-tonk music, but about 20 percent of his work was deeply religious. "Honky-Tonkin'" and "I Saw the Light" come from the same man. When Willie Nelson does his "Whiskey River" or "Bloody Mary Morning," he's likely to follow it with "Amazing Grace."

And take a look at "Hee Haw." There's all kinds of flesh on that program, not to mention a "jug band." I don't think the "jug" refers to the musical instrumentation in this all female outfit. But "Hee Haw" always comes down on a religious note, clean overalls and a good a capella version of some familiar four-square hymn. And those who have been lusting after the flesh for 55 minutes can get their souls straight in five.

Probably the most influential and broadly circulated bit of country musicana recently has been the Willie Nelson movie *Honeysuckle Rose*, played on TV as *On the Road Again*. The core of the film is a good bit of hard drinking (some of it by drivers weaving down the highway in a bus), a good bit of womanizing, plus the feature attraction—Willie Nelson seducing the 20-year-old daughter of his best friend. Sounds like an "R" rating. But the licentiousness is surrounded by a lot of touching wholesomeness. There are rich, happy family scenes, sad partings, and wonderful reunions. A good part of it has to do with meals in the yard (I wonder if anyone has ever figured out how food and cooking out ever got to be so ethical with Americans).

Then, in the end, the wayward hero comes home, chastened, but forgiven, convinced that he loves only his wife. And all's right with the world as Good-Hearted-Woman (played by Dyan Cannon who fills out her Levi's and Cowboy shirt better than most home bodies) takes Good-Timing-Man back in. Old friends and old lovers make up. And *Honeysuckle Rose* turns out to be happy family fare. We leave the theater feeling like we have just seen a Walt Disney feature instead of some pretty low-rent carryings on.

I suppose there is some hypocrisy here, the kind that comes anytime you wrap prurience in wholesomeness. It's the same kind of thing *Reader's Digest* does as it gets sexual content in under the name of scientific investigation.

But maybe we can draw a happier conclusion as well. Country still seems to have a conscience. Pop can fantasize all it wants about how emancipated we are; but country, which always deals in realities, reminds us for the moment at least that the nation has not quite conceded to the new morality. The *Playboy* adviser may have us thinking we're free spirits; but the encouraging truth, as country music reminds us, is that our consciences survive.

For a generation, Tom Waring edited the *Charleston News and Courier*, when it was the bedrock of Southern conservative thought. Now retired and living within the firing range of Fort Sumter, Mr. Waring agreed to review this volume about his city.

The Charleston Book

Miscellany in Prose and Verse. Published in 1845 by Samuel Hart of Charleston. Reprinted in 1983 by the Reprint Company of Spartanburg. Edited by William Gilmore Simms, with a new introduction and biographical notes by David Moltke-Hansen and bibliographical notes by Harlan Greene. 455 pages.

Reprinting of *The Charleston Book* provides a fresh opportunity for a stroll through the intellects of local literati of a century and a half ago. It is an interesting experience.

Fifty-eight writers are represented among the 98 items, which consist of essays, poems and excerpts from fictional works. Some of the names will be recognized readily, especially when connected with surviving old families. For the most part, they are literate individuals, not professional writers. Steeped in the classics, they make frequent references to Greek, Roman and other ancient civilizations, occasionally lapsing into Latin, which few of today's readers will readily understand. The choice of amateurs to represent Charleston, one of the leading centers of culture in antebellum America, was deliberate. William Gilmore Simms, editor of the original publication, was recognized as a professional, one of the few if not the only one of the breed in Charleston during the 1840's.

Porter's confidence in man's ability to master the machines may seem naive in this time of nuclear terror, and the loss of public safety to the spread of crime casts doubts on the benefits of modern comfort based on the advance of science ... As period pieces, these writings are free from the shock appeal of today's literary obsession with violence and deviation from the standards of the ages.

The erudition of these writers not only attests to the breadth of their learning, but should impress today's readers with their sophistication and knowledge of the world. Occasional references to science and the beginning of the industrial revolution demonstrate that these learned persons were not unaware, in their cloistered studies, of what was happening in the early stages of this modern age.

Henry L. Pinckney, in "The Spirit of the Age," notes "the unprecedented extent to which the dominion of man over physical nature has been carried." He comments as follows:

> *This is truly the era of steamboats and railways, of canals and tunnels. The prophecy of Darwin has been more than realized. Watt and Fulton have subdued the elements. Unconquered steam not only rides, like a sea-god, on the bosom of the ocean, but moves with resistless power and rapidity over every obstacle on land. And who can prescribe a limit to its conquests? Who can designate the barrier that it shall not pass, or name the river or the wilderness, however desolate and solitary now, that it shall not cause to roll down hill, or blossom as the rose?*

Some of the themes of these essays and poems are patriotic and inspirational. The moral atmosphere is upbeat and constructive. As period pieces, these writings are free from the shock

appeal of today's literary obsession with violence and deviation from standards of the ages. In another reference to steam power, William Dennison Porter says it "hides within its bosom a principle of transcendent strength, the possible effects of which can neither be measured nor imagined. But the mechanic has constructed machines, by means of which all these wonderful phenomena are pressed into service of man, are made obedient to his bidding, and subservient to his wants."

Porter's confidence in man's ability to master the machines may seem naive in this time of nuclear terror, and the loss of public safety to the spread of crime casts doubts on the benefits of modern comfort based on the advance of science.

In an essay entitled "The Characteristics of Civilization," S. Henry Dickson, M.D., asserts society's obligation to provide proper recreation and pleasure for the mass of people:

> *If we do not guide and instruct the mass, but merely employ our own efforts in checking and prohibiting them, the result will be defiance of our control, and a much greater preponderance of evil in the course which they will adopt under such injudicious interference. Let us, then, endeavor to enlighten them as to the nature and means of procurement of the truest, safest, and best enjoyments. Let us show them how much of innocent pleasure is within the reach of everyone, and let the makers of laws and social order contrive to place them as much as possible before the lowest and most destitute of their fellow-citizens. Let there be everywhere parks, and gardens, and public walks, and baths, accessible reading rooms, concerts of music, shows and games, and gymnastic exercises in the bright sunlight and beneath the open sky; and for the evening, lyceums, and scientific and miscellaneous lectures, debates, oratory and recitations.*

Television, anyone? a cynical reader may ask. The lofty sentiments of Dr. Dickson sound not unlike the political appeals of a later day for government to furnish entertainment and comfort to the public.

For a student of the place and the times, an appendix to this book provides biographical and other information about the writers. The caliber of these people is attested by the catalog of their accomplishments and their public contributions to its cultural environment. ⊠

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CRITICUS/RECORDINGS

Tom T. Hall and Earl Scruggs,* The Storyteller and the Banjo Man, *Columbia Records.

Scruggs Comes Home

by Harry Hope

Often the greatest genius lies in being ablest to express well the simplest thoughts. The notions common to us all are mere electrons in the cerebrum until someone articulates them clearly and carefullly. Then we say, "I wish I had said it like that. He's right, you know."

Earl Scruggs, on the other hand, generally prefers to let his fingers do the talking on that wonderful banjo. He and Lester Flatt made a lot of good music and sold a lot of Martha White flour before their unfortunate break-up in the late 60s. Earl and his son formed a band and took off in some pretty strange directions after that, pausing only long enough to contribute to the historic *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* album. (Lester was once asked by a reporter prior to a Lexington-County-South-Carolina-bluegrass-festival in 1976, what he thought Earl was trying to do with his music. Lester said, "Aw, I don't know and I don't think Earl knows either.")

But Earl has come back home, for the time being, and there are many partners he could find worse than Tom T. For anyone who seriously believes that "their ain't no country music on the jukesboxes anymore," this is your album.

Except for a song or two of lost love, there's precious little to get maudlin about in this high-spirited album. The Hall and Scruggs re-recording of "Rollin' in My Sweet Baby's Arms" should be taken as the textbook example of how to perform that spicy little number, and even the Oak Ridge Boys forsake their return-to-rock-and-roll-roots alignment to give a slick, gospel background vocal to "(You Gotta Walk)That Lonesome Valley."

Good, back-porch country albums are few and far between, so this is a fine chance to hear some of the old songs freshly rendered. Tom even admits the problem when he sings,

There ain't no country music on this jukebox.
The jukebox people don't know where it's at.
There ain't no country music on this jukebox.
Some of this doggone music
Just makes my beer go flat.

Well, forget the flat beer here. This is an album made for bourbon and branch water—Tom T. supplying the tang of sour mash, Earl bringing in the pure mountain stream water on his five-string. Earl's back home for awhile and he and Tom are on the porch. Bring out the jug, Pa, it's pickin' time.

Harry Hope, now a free lance writer, is former editor of the old* Sandlapper *magazine.

BOOKNOTES

The Official Lawyer's Handbook

D. Robert White, New York: Simon & Schuster, 1983, $5.95.

According to recent statistics, there are some 610,000 lawyers in the United States. That means about one lawyer per 381 persons; and next spring another 40,000 or so are coming on line out of law school. What do all these lawyers do? Well, they make money—lots of it—often from other people's misfortunes. In fact, the cost of almost every item you buy in the store carries hidden charges to cover lawyers' fees for dealing with some obscure laws written by lawyers for lawyers.

What can we do about this plague of pettifoggers? A good place to begin is with *The Official Lawyer's Handbook*. Its author, D. Robert White, was an associate in the Washington, D.C. law firm of Hogan and Hartson, which has produced such eminentoes as Judge J. Sirica.

White lambasts, satirizes and thrashes the world of the legal profession in terms that leave the reader in stitches while strongly suspecting that White has hit his target dead center. He takes the reader through law school, the bar exam, the recruitment process, and on up to the day the goal is reached of making a full partner (if, indeed, that ever happens). White seems to regard "legal ethics" as a contradiction of terms. A few quotations on the law according to the gospel of White are in order:

The first rule of bookkeeping: "...Never tell clients what they're *really* being billed for."

On dressing for legal success: "Stripes on a (pin-striped suit) should be narrower than those worn by your former client—now at San Quentin."

On the virtue of litigation: "...offers every aggrieved person his decade in court."

One could continue almost indefinitely in "cite-checking" these sardonic aphorisms. The legal profession is an old calling, populated by men in history we all admire, from Demosthenes to John C. Calhoun. But times (according to White) are changing. The modern world of law and lawyers lends itself to the sharp edge of White's pen. This is first class satire. And it works because we've all heard of lawyers who inflate their time charges. Also our law books in this country are increasingly weighted with new laws subtly designed to enrich attorneys.

What then can you and I do to protect ourselves from the shysters of the world? There are solutions. One would be to exile these creatures to the Island of Mauritius, the home of the late lamented Dodo and hope the same fate befalls them as did that hapless bird. But this isn't practical because Mauritius is too small and they would soon litigate their way home.

Or, we can read Robert White, Esquire, and laugh until we cry. The tears will come in handy the next time you hire a lawyer.

Charles Scott Hamel

Modern Times

Modern Times. The World from the Twenties to the Eighties, by Paul Johnson. New York, Harper & Row, 1983, publ. at $27.95, 817 pp., notes, index.

There are a few intellectual historians who have been able to combine a defense of traditional Christian values with the scope and style so necessary in such an undertaking. One thinks of Russell Kirk, John Lukacs, Eric Voegelin, and very few others. To that number we now can add the name of Paul Johnson, whose present volume, *Modern Times. The World from the Twenties to the Eighties*, will be considered one of the most significant of the decade.

Johnson, an English author and editor, covers the past sixty-five years with an approach both synthetic and thematic. Influential strains of Marxism, Freudian psychoanalysis, Darwinism and secular humanism recur throughout his rich meditation on the avalanche of events that have overwhelmed the twentieth century.

Obviously, the success of such an approach depends in part on the ability of the author to tell a good story without bogging down in excessive detail. Johnson achieves this and more. His prose is crisp, even elegant. He uses detail and statistics carefully to the advantage of the text.

Early on, he deals with Darwinism and Freudianism and their effect on the disintegration of traditional social order. "Darwin's notion of the survival of the fittest," he insists, "was a key element bot in the Marxist concept of class warfare and of the racial philosophies which shaped Hitlerism. Indeed the political and social consequences of Darwinian ideas have yet to work themselves out..." Freudian psychoanalysis "is akin to Mesmerism and phrenology—it contains isolated nuggets of truth, but in general the theology is false." Yet the constant tendency to see those who diverge from "the party line" as "unstable" or "sick" is one of the most visible signs of twentieth century ideology at its worst.

The decline, nearly the annihilation of religion left twentieth century man naked before the increasingly omnipotent power of the state. Without religion, without tradition or agreed-upon custom, without the whole range of subsidiary organs in society, the liberties that all men desired seemed more remote than ever. Statism, then, would be a third element that shaped the decades following the Great War. Those who so smugly thought that the destruction of the great European empires in 1918 would bring greater liberty were to be sadly mistaken. Rather, the fall of those empires would signal a giant, seemingly irrevocable, step away from almost everything that made life civilized, ordered and humane.

The most notable force of the century, Johnson readily acknowledges, has been Marxist-Leninism. Indeed, his best chapters deal with Lenin, Stalin and the triumph of communism. There was something truly demonic about Lenin, he asserts. "No man personifies better the replacement of the religious impulse by the will to power. In an earlier age he would surely have been a religious leader. With his extraordinary passion for force, he might have figured in Mohammed's legions. He was even closer perhaps to Jean Calvin, with his belief in organizational structure his ability to create one and then dominate it utterly, his puritanism, his passionate self-righteousness, and above all his intolerance."

Under the Marxist regime in Soviet Russia—before Hitler became a household name—terror and extermination of whole classes and races of people were perfected as public policy. The forced collectivization of the Russian peasants during 1929 and 1930 even Marxist scholar Leszek Kolakowski has called "probably the most massive warlike operation ever conducted by a state against its own citizens." Somewhere between twenty and thirty million peasants were ruthlessly exterminated. And yet American novelist Lincoln Steffens could return to the United States, starry-eyed, after having visited the new worker's paradise and exclaim, "I have been over into the future—and it works!"

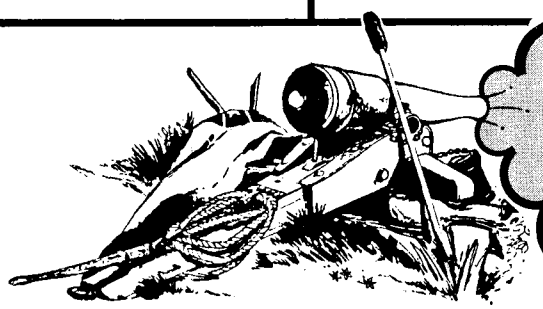
Among Western intellectuals Steffens was not alone. Johnson details the phenomenon now seemingly characteristic of Western society, that of having an intellectual and media elite which scorns the traditional values held by the great majority of its citizens, an elite which uses its not inconsiderable influence in ways diame-

trically opposed to those values. He cites the Vietnam conflict as a case in point. "The U.S. media became strongly biased in some cases. More often it was misled skillfully and deliberately; or misled itself. A much publicized photograph of a 'prisoner' being thrown from a U.S. helicopter was in fact staged. Accounts of American 'tiger cages' at Con Son island were inaccurate and sensationalized...Even more serious was the notion increasingly conveyed by the media that Vietcong victory was inevitable. This came to a decisive head in the handling of the Vietcong 'Tet Offensive' of January 30, 1968." The Eastern liberal establishment, followed by the media, increasingly became hostile to American presence in Southeast Asia, while at the same time finding all sorts of noble things to say about Ho Chi Minh and his "agrarian reformers."

Other areas Johnson explores include the American 1920s and the Great Depression, especially the role of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the philosophical relationship of Fascism to Marxian socialism, which he sees as peculiarly close, and the so-called "Third World" emphasis of the 1960s and 1970s. In each consideration his remarks combine both a profound, overarching understanding of the issues involved with concise analysis, relating the events contextually.

One might find fault with Johnson on selected points: his unquestioning acceptance of German war guilt for World War I and his failure to consider revisionist accounts of the causes for World War II stand out as weak spots, but they do not tarnish the overall brilliance of this volume.

Boyd Cathey



The Smoke Never Clears

A Partisan Look at New Titles from THE War

■ William Frassanito's books are distinctive among the works of historiography. His first work, *Gettysburg: A Journey in Time*, studied and corrected the photographic history of the battle that set the Confederate highwater mark. His second work, *Antietam: The Photographic Legacy of America's Bloodiest Day*, provided the same unique study of what some historians consider to be the turning point of the Confederate War. Now Frassanito has turned his peculiar and fascinating skills on the war's final year in the Virginia Theater, with *Grant and Lee: The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-65*. By William A. Frassanito. (255 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons. $24.95, 1983).

A former intelligence analyst for the Joint General Staff in Vietnam, Frassanito knows how to interpret photographs with a spy's eye for significant detail and it is this vision that he turns on the final year in Virginia. Studying 255 photographs by wartime cameramen like Timothy O'Sullivan, James Gardner, Andrew J. Russell and Matthew Brady's assistants, Frassanito identifies photographers, the original camera positions, the present-day site and details unnoticed by a legion of earlier Civil War historians. Where others found a stand of pine trees, Frassanito's photographic interpretation reveals a general and his staff officers trotting away from a river crossing on the Rapidan. Where a classic photograph has been labeled as located at Petersburg, Frassanito demonstrates how the site was really Fredericksburg.

Frassanito's vision is unfortunately almost solely from the Federal point of view, which may be excused by the fact that most existing photographs were produced on the Union side. Perhaps the most appealing aspect of Frassanito's new work is his collection of side-by-side images, showing the scene of a classic War photograph as it appears today. Frassanito's work is unique in the literature of the War Between the States.

■ The best bargain of the year for students of The War may be *The Official Military Atlas of the Civil War* (Fairfax Press/Crown Publishers. $29.95, 1983), which was reprinted at $60 years ago and is now offered at half that price. Long considered the definitive collection of War maps, it was first published some 90 years ago to accompany the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, which was compiled and published by the U.S. Congress. This heavy, oversized work in its new, handsome edition by Crown contains 821 maps, 106 engravings and 209 drawings. Using official maps drawn by Federal and Confederate cartographers, it offers a view of the war unavailable anywhere else.

■ *Landscape Turned Red* by Stephen Sears (431 pp. Ticknor and Fields/Houghton Mifflin. $17.95, 1983) is being promoted as the definitive work on the battle of Sharpsburg, which some historians believe sealed the fate of the Confederacy as early as 1862. James Murfin's *The Gleam of Bayonets* claimed the distinction of being the principal work on the Sharpsburg Campaign, but the Sears book could challenge Murfin's work. *Landscape Turned Red* claims to be wider in scope than *The Gleam of Bayonets*. It also uses newly discovered diaries and letters to compliment traditional sources.

■ In *Five Tragic Hours: The Battle of Franklin* (216 pp. University of Tennessee Press. $17.50, 1983), historians James L. McDonough and Tom Connelly survey one of the war's bloodiest and most tragic engagements. According to the authors, the battle was also one of the war's most senseless actions. The narrative moves quickly, draws frequently from the recollections of veterans and is well-written. Both Connelly and McDonough are old hands in dealing with the war in Tennessee.

■ *A Carolinian Goes To War* (344 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $24.95, 1983) may be the most important work of the literature of the War Between the States to be produced in 1983, simply because unpublished narratives by Confederate generals are so rare today. This new work is the first time memoirs of General Arthur Manigault have come to print. Manigault, a native of Georgetown, South Carolina, took the battered 10th Regiment of Carolina Infantry through the war in the Western Theater and through some encounters bloody enough to make even W.T. Sherman wince. The story is remarkably engrossing and is an important contribution to the recollections of the war. USC Press shows wisdom in publishing it.

■ *The Blockade: Runners and Raiders*, edited by Gerald Simons (176 pp. Time-Life Books. $12.95, 1983), is a colorful contribution to Time-Life's new series on the war. Historians have given a lion's share of credit for the Federal victory to the effectiveness of the Federal naval blockade of the Confederate coastline. The same historians, however, acknowledge the skills and frequent successes of the daring blockade runners. A bold breed of men commanding camouflaged ships kept the South and the war alive by bringing in profits and munitions from Europe. *The Blockade: Runners and Raiders* chronicles this unusual aspect of the war with brisk writing, a multitude of illustrations and some colorful first-person accounts.

Rod Gragg ⊠

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PROCLAIM YOUR HERITAGE

Trivium

TOM LANDESS

Freedom And More Freedom

Several years ago a friend of mine, head of the Education Department at a Southern university, came reeling back from a visit to New York City schools, eyes glazed. It seems that she had seen two things while on her trip that still haunted her memory. First she discovered teachers up there who were actually conducting their classes from cages like trained parakeets. At the beginning of the period, these instructors would be escorted into their empty classrooms by uniformed policemen and locked into metal enclosures which were bolted to the floor. Then and only then would the students be released into the room like lions into the Circus Maximus. At the end of the period—which must have flown by like an hour in the park—the students would file out the door, no doubt snarling as they went, and afterwards the policemen would return and unlock the cages.

But for my friend the worst was yet to come. While accompanying the principal from one part of the building to another, she saw a clutch of students gathered in the hall, stamping and shouting obscenities. Leaving her for a moment, the principal went to find out what was going on; and as he pushed his way through the crowd, she saw the cause of the ruckus: a male and a female student were lying on the marblized floor, engaged in sexual intercourse. As soon as the principal realized what was happening, he returned to her side. "It's better not to interfere," he said. "I'd have broken it up if they'd been fighting."

As you read these words a letter of denial is already on its way from some indignant and well-meaning soul, but I can assure you that both of these things happened on one Southerner's brief visit to the New York public schools. And there's no reason to believe from the manner in which the principal behaved that anything out of the ordinary had occurred that day.

In a sense these incidents are symbolic of what is wrong with American education, indeed American society as a whole; and there's really no point in talking about improving curricula or raising SAT scores until we address ourselves to the basic problem of discipline in a world gone mad.

In one sense the problem of physical violence is easier to address than public fornication. Even liberals and free-market conservatives agree with the rest of us that no student has the right to maim a teacher, (though you might have to wrench that admission out of two or three federal judges). But as soon as you begin to suggest remedies for such conduct you run into what Robert Penn Warren has called "the bully-boys of virtue." All sorts of acronym groups object to corporal punishment, expulsion, and other forms of enforced discipline and the federal courts too often have tended to back them up. It's no exaggeration to say that prudent teachers and administrators are often as worried about lawsuits as they are about their physical safety and on occasion choose to risk injury rather than litigation.

The concept of "student rights" has taken its place beside the other fashionable "rights," all of them marching shoulder to shoulder, singing hymns, lighting candles, trampling over elderly clergymen, drunk on the idea of freedom. And indeed it is the appeal to *freedom* which justifies all things in our society, from the murder of unborn babies to paying exorbitant prices at 7-11 stores.

But what Americans don't understand—because they're no longer educated to think—is the old philosophical distinction between "initial freedom" and "terminal freedom," both of which have their value, one of which is merely a precondition of the other. Initial freedom is that absence of external strictures which permits you to make choices and to take independent action. It's the kind of freedom a boy longs for when he stares out the window at the fish pond on a spring day. Terminal freedom is subtler in concept and perhaps more important. It is the freedom to actualize your potential as a human being, the ability to accomplish what you want or ought to do. I am not terminally free to jog around the block more than once, no matter how much I'd like to. Frank Shorter, on the other hand, is free to run the Boston Marathon and to do so without dropping dead.

Now it should be immediately obvious that for any act to have moral worth it must be performed by someone who enjoys initial freedom, otherwise it's simply an unwilling response to some external demand. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that to enjoy true terminal freedom, one must surrender initial freedom, and indeed the former usually thrives in inverse proportion to the latter. Frank Shorter can run the Boston Marathon only because he has surrendered thousands and thousands of free hours to the rigors of a training regimen. Likewise, the boy who wants to go fishing must, alas, attend school instead—that is, if he's ever going to read; and since he's too young to know what's best for him, society takes away his initial freedom in his own behalf.

Understood in this context we can see exactly what is happening to our schools today—in the name of one kind of freedom we are destroying forever our children's opportunity to enjoy that other, higher kind, the sort of freedom which is referred to in the phrase "liberal education." When we allow them the freedom to skip school, to shout and make obscene gestures in class, to talk back to their teachers, and even to assault them physically, we are condemning them to the final tyranny of their own narrow and ignorant souls. We must take the teachers out of their cages and, if need be, put the students into them, hands bound behind their backs, handkerchiefs in their mouths, a hickory stick brandished over their heads. I'm speaking metaphorically, of course, but that's what true freedom is all about.

As for those two coupling on the floor in the hallway, they pose an even subtler challenge to those of us who would restore order and decency to society. Because even when we've recovered some understanding of true freedom, we still may not be able to combat the argument that sexual conduct is perfectly permissible, as long as it doesn't endanger a third person. I can think of no pragmatic or constitutional appeal that would make sense to a couple of kids overcome by what used to be called "lust." The question ultimately involves metaphysics at the very least, better theology; and we all know what an awful spoilsport God is. ⊠

The Last Word

REID BUCKLEY

Winter Exsanguination (Part I of Two Parts)

I too have a dream...I see the Gipper, fresh from his triumph next November announcing that he will deliver major addresses at a dozen selected high schools over the coming year, in the course of which he will invite a distinguished local clergyman to lead the assembled students and teachers in prayer...

Blow, blow thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude ... It is apparently the season for conservatives to beat up on the gallant old shoe who has done more to rally this country in body and spirit than anyone since Patrick Henry; but never you mind, Mr. President, conservatives are not only the *stoopid* party; they are the party of spoiled brats.

I am no Maccabee of the New Right. Nevertheless, I too have a dream ...

> *I see the Gipper, fresh from his triumph next November announcing that he will deliver major addresses at a dozen selected high schools over the coming year, in the course of which he will invite a distinguished local clergyman to lead the assembled students and teachers in prayer ... and the courts, the ACLU, Madelaine Murray O'Harridan, quiche-eaters, bellaabzugian blatherskites, dingleberry pickers, AIDS-de-camp, bawcocks, and other divers witches and warlocks be damned, let them TRY to stop him!*

Ah, yes! He will note that just as the gift of free will can be a great moral burden—indeed, for many souls, a crushing one—so the rare boon of a free society is politically a burden that not many peoples in all human history have been able for long, successfully, to carry. In his *Essay on Liberty*, J. S. Mill underscored right off that popular gummint is not for children or savages. It is meant to apply, he cautioned, "Only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties." Gummint by the People depends on an educated citizenry strong in the principles that undergird freedom; and to the degree that public policy militates against those virtues, it is to be resisted. The potpourri of exorbitant welfare programs are pernicious in practice *and* principle. They are subversive of liberty. It is heartbreaking, President Reagan might parenthetically remark, that so many American Negroes, having at last attained full equality under the law, continue to be beguiled by spokesmen whose sole aim seems to be to substitute Massa Sam for Massa Robert, which is to congeal their sisters and brothers in a servile state.

We are saying: Our Hero would do well to re-examine the concept of even that minimum security that he has sloganized as the "safety net." It is not a good thing for the free society. To relieve citizens of their responsibility for themselves (and their neighbors) is to deal a mortal theoretical blow against democracy; because he who assumes for you the burden of your existential risk as a sovereign and responsible citizen has assumed the privilege of abridging your liberty, for you become in fact no longer responsible, no longer sovereign in the determination of your destiny, and, therefore, naturally, you are a citizen in name only. You are in reality a ward. Historically, no government—no nascent autocrat or elite—has for long tolerated presumption in subjects: Such as the fey notion that they, the rabble, individually incompetent to handle themselves, somehow are competent through the magic of the franchise to determine the destiny of the State.

The welfare state is to be defined as an evil from which we must recoil, not as a good toward the economic extension and perfection of which we must strive. The only admissible end of food stamps, or Medicare, or AFDC "entitlements" is that they become superfluous. And that should be a primary goal of education: to instill those moral perceptions that make any kind of dole abhorrent, and to equip citizens as a practical matter to dispense with the dole. The programs themselves should be designed so that they do not become addictive. That is, they should provide bare bones benefits and some reasonable stigma, such as suspension of the right to vote. This would apply to all who swill at the trough, farmers and the Chamber of Commerce included.

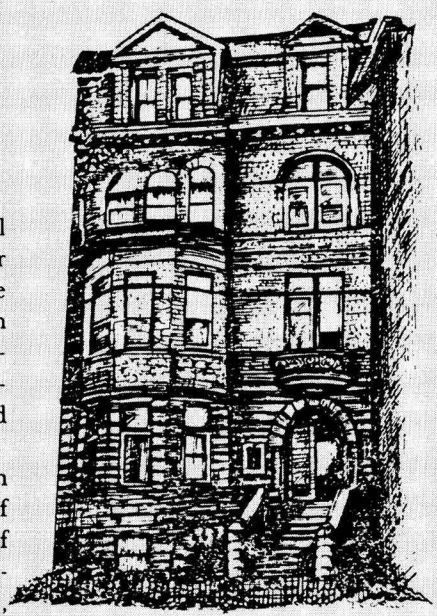
What about catastrophic cases? That fellow who is run over by a locomotive, two legs and an arm lopped off, half decapitated, who somehow survived, but with a family of ten children totally destitute. Grant dollar for dollar tax *credits* that carry forward. If some lucky stiff strikes it rich in the Bull Market, realizing, say, a million bucks in profit, let him, if he wishes, give half away to the relief of human suffering; encourage him to do so by extending the tax benefits from year to year, so that if in 1983 his actual liability on ordinary income amounts to $35,000 (plus $200,000 long-term capital gains tax on stock profits), he will have a credit of ($500,000 charitable gift *less* $235,000 credit used up) $265,000 to carry forward and apply against his taxes in 1984 and beyond.

Will a sufficient number of people be motivated, even with such inducements to rescue every hard case across the land? There is no guarantee. There can be no guarantee... not in a free society. The just society, *our* Ronald Reagan will remind his audiences, can only be approximated (never *achieved*) by a compassionate and just people; and a compassionate and just people can only be cultivated by a society that in all its institutions recognizes the Christian roots of our fragile republic, without whose sacred respect for the dignity of the individual and without whose innoculated love of neighbor the society is bound to shatter into solipsistic parts; producing the conditions, precisely, that motivate the government to distribute by force what can only be an obligation of the heart. In that reasonable tone for which he is famous, Our Hero should call for institutional recognition nationwide of the plain fact that this is a society saturated in Christian moral thought, and that whatever corrupts this seminal commitment, whether it be the secularization of our schools, the animality of our video fare, the social acceptance of homosexuality, or the slaughter of infants in abortion clinics, cannot be tolerated except at the cost of total incoherence.

Oh, *watch* the fur fly! ⊠

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

Dedicated to the Preservation of Southern Culture



Confederate Memorial Hall was purchased after the War Between the States to house Confederate veterans. When the veterans died, the mansion was converted to a convention hall, museum and library.

Over the years the museum has acquired many artifacts of distinction: oil portraits of Confederate leaders, statuary, rare books and prints, battle flags and other memorabilia.

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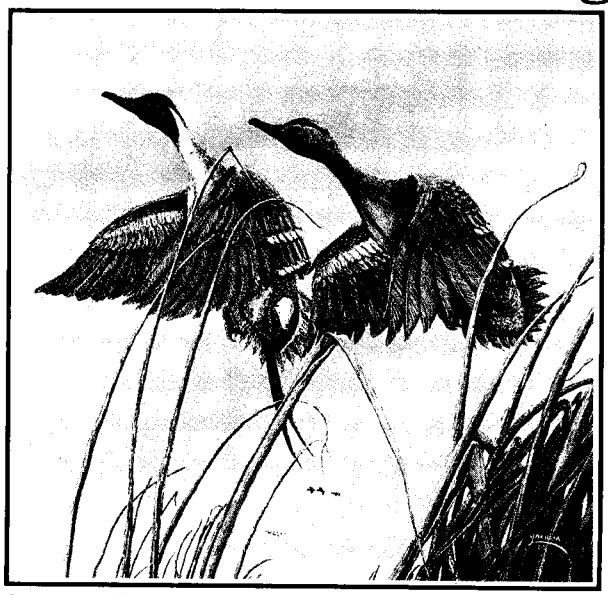
Own This Beautiful Print At A "Partisan" Price

By Southern Wildlife Artist Virgil Graham



Virgil Graham, who lives on an island off the coast of South Carolina, is known throughout the region as a neo-Confederate who paints brilliant wildlife scenes. Graham has, at one time or another, been a member of Sons of Confederate Veterans, The Military Order of the Stars and Bars, and participated in most of the 1860-1865 re-enactments of the War Between the States, using cannons that he himself forged. The wall of his studio is hung with medals awarded for distinguished service to the preservation of our Southern history.

A few years ago Graham left the city behind, moved with his wife and five daughters to Edisto Island, and began to devote his life to gun engraving (he is one of the few surviving masters of this vanishing art), and—more importantly—to painting.

Though he has sold many of his wildlife oils to collectors, "The Pintails of Edisto" is his masterpiece to date. Measuring 18" by 20½" this signed and numbered print, in a collectors edition limited to 1,000, depicts a male and female pintail duck in that breathless moment of first flight so familiar to birdwatchers and hunters in the South. The subtly bruised sky and dry marsh reeds frame this finely-detailed pair forever, just before they level off and disappear from the canvas, timeless and perfect, the fluff of their feathers easily accessible to the eye.

This print has been offered at auction by Ducks Unlimited on a few special occasions; and it has sold—unframed—for as high as $485 and never lower than $75.

Mr. Graham, in admiration for the *Southern Partisan*, is offering his print to our readers by special arrangement with Marshview Studio for only $37.50 plus $2.50 for mailing and handling (total $40.00).

The remaining supply is, of course, dwindling rapidly, and we urge you to send your order* as soon as possible to:

Marshview Studio c/o Southern Partisan P.O. Box 11708 Columbia, S.C. 29211

*Please make check payable to Marshview Studio.

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